

Some Account of the Travels of Myself
and my Son in the Summer of 1902

★ D921.P3572



No 6244.42



Exchange from

Mass. Free Library Commission

To Miss Isabella Curtis
with the kind regards
of the author

James. Fennick

Paris
April 23rd 104



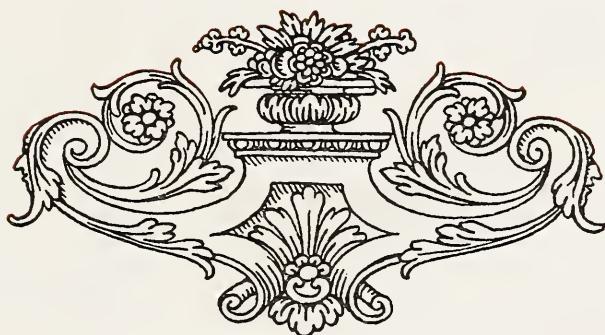
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/someaccountoftra00par>

This is one of an edition of two hundred
copies printed from type in the
month of July, nineteen
hundred and three

No.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE TRAV-
ELS OF MYSELF AND MY SON
IN THE SUMMER OF NINE-
TEEN HUNDRED AND TWO



NEW YORK: PRIVATELY PRINTED

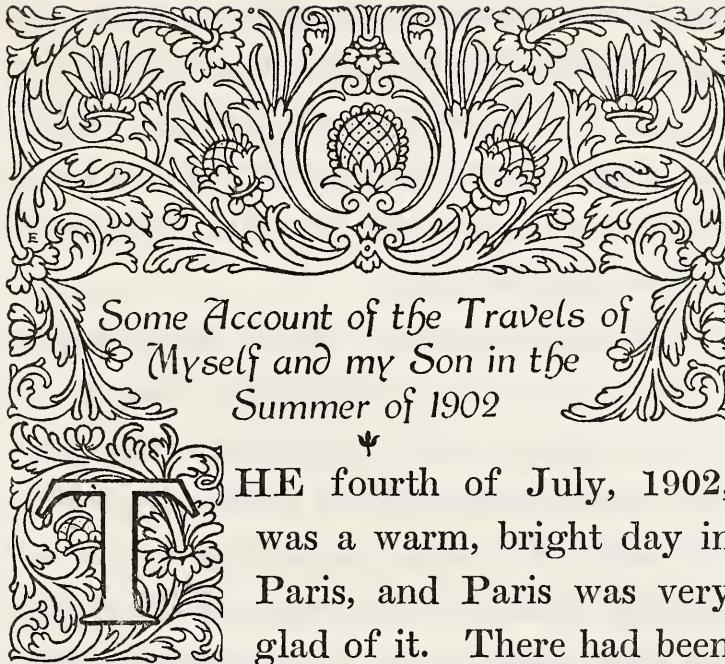


-6277.4a

0921.12012

Exchange
Mass Free Library Commission
July 10, 1918

Copyright, 1903, by
JAMES C. PARRISH



HE fourth of July, 1902, was a warm, bright day in Paris, and Paris was very glad of it. There had been little summer weather in June, and the few bright days that had come at the end of that usually brilliant month had filled the suburban trains with many a gay party. From my window at the Ritz, overlooking the garden of the Ministère de la Justice, taking in a broad expanse of sky, where from the hazy horizon rose the iron lace-work of the Tour Eiffel, I looked with pleasure at the indications of the weather,

having determined to deny myself the enjoyment of being present at the celebration by the American colony of our “glorious anniversary” and to hie me to London, stopping on the way for a sea bath at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

The 8.45 morning train for London carries many travellers whose lives seem well ordered, early risers, well-to-do people, outside the world of fashion, to whom the early morning is perhaps more enjoyable than the late hours of the night. Of this number were my two chance companions in our comfortable railway carriage, a gentleman and his wife. They both insisted on my smoking, the husband joining me in a cigar. This led to conversation wherein I soon found by their accent that my new acquaintances were from the North Country, which naturally led to my reviving my Yorkshire days. My new friend was the proprietor of woollen mills, and entertained me by showing me sam-

ples of fine Cashmere wools and telling me much that was interesting regarding them. I gave his wife a small box of strawberries at Amiens, which pleased them both, and when we bade each other good-bye at Boulogne, it was not, I think, without a feeling that we had all three appeared to advantage to each other.

A look, something between a bow and a nod and a smile, to “La Belle Caroline” in the fish-market, who still preserves her commanding presence and majestic beauty, telegrams to Louise and the Berkeley (both of which I found later had arrived in a mutilated condition), were the principal events that preceded my delightful bath in the Channel, the refreshing waters of the North Sea having for me a special virtue as a bracer.

A bountiful lunch at the little restaurant on the Jetté, where I partook of fresh sole, among other delicacies, and where I watched the fishing-boats passing

lazily out to sea, with a steamer tug or two coming to and fro, reviving many Boulognaisé recollections of the past, some on this very spot, occupied the time until, when it neared three in the afternoon, I determined on having a nap at the “Imperial,” that I might be fresh for the instrumental concert at the Casino.

Boulogne has changed little these past thirty-odd years that I have known it. The spacious courtyard of the “Hôtel des Bains,” into which Thackeray’s impatient Englishman might have called down from his bedroom window, “De dong, garsong, vooly voo me donny lo sho, ou vooly voo pah?”; the dining-room, where, with the consequential air of the Briton, he orders “grilled ham, cold chicken, and boiled eggs” for his “first breakfast,” are there just as they have been for fifty years or more; the “Imperial,” with its name imbedded in its slate roof, perhaps on the very spot where Louis Napoleon let loose

his tame eagle, and waited for his uncle's admirers to crowd around him (he might as well have waited for the ghosts of *La Grande Armée*), stands in all its grey loneliness, and looks as desolate as ever.

Calais, these last few years, has gone through great changes. Hogarth's gate has been swept away to make room for the new docks, and so with the old station, with its cosy corner, where in the early days of the Denver and Rio Grande, when I was to and fro many times a year between London and Amsterdam, we had such good breakfasts, on the arrival of our train from Brussels an hour or two ahead of the Paris express. George Hudson, England's dethroned railway king, was our guest at times, his broad, good-humoured Yorkshire face defying the sting of exile and poverty, as he enlivened our little party with entertaining stories of the past, we little thinking that Wall Street was hurrying to a railroad panic

and the same financial chaos that had engulfed him, driven him from home and made him an exile. Sterne, once outside the *Hôtel Dessein*, would not know the place; not so with Boulogne, which seems to have been finished, for all time, long years ago. May it so remain!

A light dinner at the *Christophle* preceded my departure for Albion. On the steamer I met an Oxford professor who had been taking his family to a seaside resort, lately created at the terminus of a trolley line, some five miles along the coast toward *Cape Gris Nez*. He was pleased to tell me of the degree they had conferred on *Lord Cromer*. I imagine he had had a hand in the ceremonies, and enjoyed the light reflected from the great man. He was desirous to know my views regarding *Cecil Rhodes'* American scholarships, of which I thought most highly, hinting, however, that their importance should not be overestimated. His visit to the Continent,

or my nationality, seemed to stimulate his desire to be agreeable, our exchange of views making the smooth crossing, softly lighted by the long midsummer twilight, only too soon over.

Among Continental travellers the Channel has few friends. I am one of them. I must have crossed it some hundreds of times, and in every month of the year. I have seen it smooth and glassy, in January, and tossed by frightful tempests in midsummer. I have crossed after the “Grand Prix,” when there was only standing-room on the deck, and when one of the gay party accompanying the Marquis of Hastings, whose horse had won the great race, ingeniously inserted a folded camp-stool among the legs of the passengers, eager to work their way off the boat and find seats in the London train. I can see the man’s coarse grin now, as he listened to the imprecations of his fellow-passengers, struggling with this unexpected ob-

stacle. I have crossed during the Franco-Prussian war when the boats were deserted. In those days almost every one took the Belgian line to Ostend. I have crossed during the Commune when the trains to Paris had ceased to run, and I was the only passenger.

Standing in the forward part of the boat by night, watching her shoot through the dark sea underneath us, the curling waves phosphorescent, and the spray falling like sparks from the blacksmith's anvil, the sensation of life on the sea is to me at its best.

On one of our large ocean-liners, one is too far from the water to realize the speed at which she is going. Not so with the Channel boats, where it is almost like shooting the rapids.

To our left, the north and south foreland lights throw into space their brilliant rays. As I think of Clark Russell's vivid description of the "Grosvenor," and her

mutinous crew, dropping down the Channel, not far from where we are, a mysterious feeling comes over me as that weird account of the ill-fated ship fills my thoughts. A flash-light twinkles from Calais, growing stronger and stronger as the foreland lights dwindle away. The reader will see that I have chosen my description as England sinks in the horizon, not thoughts aroused in the pleasant Fourth-of-July crossing we have just made, but rather the accumulated impressions of years.

A conversation with a substantial-looking Englishman, approaching his fiftieth year, shortened the journey from Folkestone to London. His opinion was that all this fuss over the coronation was much out of place. "We are a republic," he said, "and why should we make such a time over one of our constitutional acts, no more important than others that pass unheeded by the public?"

I had a few words with the driver of the locomotive as we waited for the customs at Charing Cross, a man of good manners, and, I imagine, good nerves, from the way he drove us over the last fifty miles, replying to my allusion to our speed with the statement that if they would give him ten minutes more he would have brought us along comfortably, "but, you see, the public compel us to make time."

It was near midnight as I rolled by the tawdry decorations of St. James Street, here and there half dismantled, in a four-wheeler that was not a bad match for the surroundings.

People speak of London being so solid, much more so than Paris. For my part, I cannot see it. Certainly the dwellings of Paris are more imposing than many miles of the brick fronts that one meets in nearly every thoroughfare of London.

A good room at the Berkeley, with a blanket heavy enough for the Arctic re-

gions, which, as the one hot spell of the summer was on, made one warm to look at, a comfortable night, the usual visit to my tailor in the morning, a hasty glance at the works of the old masters in the several Bond Street shops, to the Royal Academy, where there is a picture by Sargent—the Ladies Acheson—that exceeds in beauty any modern, if not ancient portrait picture that I am now able to call to mind, combining, it seems to me, the grace of Hoppner, the strength of Velasquez, and the subtle charm of Gainsborough.

This busy morning over, I hurried to 3 Buckingham Gate, to lunch with Aleck and Louise, where I received an affectionate welcome, and passed two hours in that blissful life of a delightful present united to a past full of the many, many memories of my happy married life.

After lunch Aleck and I went to London Bridge station to see Louise despatch

one party of her “ Girls’ Club ” to the sea-side for a two weeks’ outing, and another party which she had in tow for an afternoon at a friend’s house, where they were to have a “ garden party.”

The “ Girls’ Club ” is a labour of love of my daughter. Finding, on a visit with her husband to his mine in Oregon, that she had power over the turbulent miners, who, under her influence, became repentant and obedient, she determined to see what she could do to improve the lives of young girls living in the East End of London; choosing Whitechapel, that sink of crime and iniquity, pretty much abandoned by the charitable, who have declared that no good could come out of Hoxton.

The girls pay a small sum weekly, which is supposed, more or less, to run the Club. They also deposit, at frequent intervals, such sums as they can spare, with Louise, who credits them with it, and this is supposed to pay for their two weeks’ summer

outing. A girl who was obliged to draw out her deposit, owing to the necessities of her mother, who was taken ill, lost her outing. I believe some means were found partially to compensate her for it. This will give some idea of the strictness of the discipline, and the feeling of self-help, which is thoroughly impressed on every girl.

Louise, some day, I hope, will tell her own story: how she has been appealed to by the London County Council, who give her all the assistance she will accept, and how she was asked to address a distinguished company at the Mansion House, and many events, I feel sure, of which I am ignorant. All I know is, that unaided by her own class, affecting by dress to be as one of her girls, and avoiding all allusion to religion, she has gathered around her the children of parents steeped in vice, desperate at times through poverty and drink, patiently in-

structing her little wards by association, as well as by word; has beautified them in thought and deed, and sends them home, night after night, as little ministers of good into the wretched lives of their parents. Clergymen, the Salvation Army, emblems of the Cross, are held in derision or hatred in this part of London. Louise's success is the triumph of goodness without church or creed. Surrounded by her two parties of girls, attired so plainly that I did not, at first, recognize her, she was ready to receive us, and at once presented us, right and left. My name was not altogether unknown, as I believe I am used as an explanation of what seems, at times, too free a use of money for a working girl, even if she be at the head of a club.

Just as I was becoming acquainted with the girls, guessing their ages, telling the little ones they would soon grow tall, and overestimating the ages of the tall ones, Louise told Aleck and me that we had bet-

ter go. We did go, and not knowing what to do, we rode in the Tube—which I very much wanted to see—westward, and finally, with the use of tramways, arrived at Kew Gardens, where we much admired the trees and enjoyed the beautiful summer afternoon, a treat that so rarely comes to London, all of which revived in me my efforts at enjoyment in this way thirty years or more ago.

We dined at the Berkeley, and then to a stupid play, where Charles Hawtrey's brother was trying to imitate Charles' talents without much success. We were driven out at the end of the second act by ennui, and repaired to the Berkeley, and after a half hour or more over our cigars and tall tumblers filled with harmless drinks, bade each other good night.

Sunday, July 6th.

Full of delightful anticipations, I took the early morning express from Padding-

ton for Exeter, en route for Plymouth to meet my son. My companion in the railway carriage was an English army officer, lately returned from South Africa. After an hour's silent criticism of each other, over the newspapers, we broke the silence, and soon drifted into an animated conversation, stretching from South Africa to Salt Lake, and winding up with an elaborate programme as to how I was to see the best of Devonshire in forty-eight hours, which included a card of introduction to the ship-chandler at the mouth of the Wye, who was to provide a boat in which to ascend the river, the tides having been ascertained from a pocket almanac and the whole programme arranged to a nicety. Sad to say, it never came off, the exceptional heat deciding me, when the time came, to give it up.

Two hours at Exeter, mostly passed at the cathedral, where during service I read, on the tablets in the wall, the names of

many Exeter men who had fallen in the Crimea and elsewhere; a new bronze plaque, of considerable size, adding a sad list of South African fatalities.

Those familiar with the impressions produced by an English cathedral town on a warm Sunday afternoon—the neatly dressed women demurely walking the streets (household servants for the greater part), the almost entire absence of vehicles, the tightly closed shops, the solemnity of the hotel, where the buzzing of the fly alone disturbs the silence; the general air of conservative respectability which meets you at every turn—will agree with me, I think, that two hours are sufficient to gratify one's curiosity. So, nothing loath to leave, I took the train from Exeter to Plymouth, a two hours' run, the latter part much by the seaside, where the cool sea breeze, with its pungent odour of seaweed, came gratefully over the salt marshes exposed by the fallen tide.

The hotel at Plymouth is close to the railway station, and is the average English railway hotel, partaking in its character of much that is unattractive in both English and American life: a busy porter, a neat-looking woman presiding at the desk, somewhat severe in appearance and decidedly formal in manner, and a sprinkling of American travellers, talking loudly of their affairs at dinner and in the halls, in apparent oblivion of the existence of others.

A walk to the concert in the Pavilion at the end of the pier; an offer to find a lost child for a young woman, resulting in wandering to and fro in vain, the child having undoubtedly turned up somewhere on the extensive esplanade, where most of Plymouth congregates on a fine summer Sunday evening, and a good night's rest in a dingy room, completed this interesting day.

Monday, July 7th.

Rising early, as is my custom, I sought where I might enjoy a bath in the sea, which, with the assistance of my cab-driver, I found with little difficulty. Breakfast, and then to the tender which was to take me to meet my son on the "Kronprinz." After a long separation, and the unknown week of the Atlantic crossing, there is a feeling of not altogether pleasurable excitement as one awaits the moment of recognition. Something might have happened.

We sighted the "Kronprinz" well out at sea. The white foam broke around her cutwater, and when we finally drew up to her, with the hundreds of heads appearing over the rail, I had a nervous feeling until I saw a Groton ribbon, and the next moment the smile of Jimmy, who looked the picture of health and happiness. I filed on to the steamer, kissed my son, was

shown his state-room, and duly presented to one or two of his intimates. After the stream of baggage, of all sorts and kinds, was transferred we steamed away, quickly losing sight of the leviathan behind a point of land, and were soon at the dock at Plymouth, where a long boat train awaited us.

The thousand cigars brought me were soon passed at the custom-house, with a moderate sum paid in duties.

The ride to London was rather warm work. Lunch in the dining-car, the sight of green fields, with here and there herds of little red Devon cattle, now and then an object of interest, the towers of Exeter Cathedral, the Thames, enlivened at times by a boating party, and the general exhilaration from the speed with which we were going, passed the time agreeably, bringing us to London about five o'clock.

Colonel Borup was on the platform awaiting his son George, who was of our party.

Our stay in London was to be but three or four days; so, as the evening was fine and warm, I planned dinner at the Star and Garter. We caught the train at Waterloo, with a minute to spare. At the hotel we found a large company—the Basket-makers, some two hundred strong—dining. The waiter confidentially informed us that the dinner was sixteen shillings a head without wine, and that they had had the Basket-makers for a number of years.

The view from the Star and Garter, the placid Thames, the expanse of green in all directions, was as I had seen it twenty or more years ago, and the dinner quite the same, good to those just off ship, poor to one fresh from the Ritz.

After dinner, a stroll on the terrace, then a commodious cab with a fairly good horse, the driver consenting to take us as far as Hammersmith. He said it was all his horse ought to do. From there we

took the Underground. A railroad porter, to my question if the Tube had hurt them much, replied in an injured tone, "It does not carry all the passengers."

Our companions in the compartment were an Anglo-American party of the middle class of life, whose conversation entertained us much. The American was bragging of his country, and the English members of the party, seemingly somewhat depressed by our assertive fellow-countryman, were asking questions at rare intervals in a subdued tone.

George Borup's father desired that his son's visit to Europe should be an education as well as a pleasure, and to this end he had engaged a tutor to show George London, so that we lost him the following day.

July 8th.

After a good breakfast in that cheerful breakfast-room at the Berkeley, we

called at Hill Brothers and ordered certain suits of clothes. I did not take my son there in a high silk hat, and did not stand over him as he was being measured, and look as if I were sorry for his existence, as I have seen English fathers do. On the contrary, we soon separated in the shop, Jimmy choosing his own stuffs, after asking my opinion, and conducting his purchases independently, meeting me later on.

We lunched with Louise and Aleck and had one of those delightful family reunions, where affection prompted our conversation, and smiles of delight at being together passed from face to face.

After lunch, Aleck, Jimmy and I went to Lord's and saw the gentlemen players versus the professionals. Jimmy soon "caught on" to the game, and was in no hurry to leave.

We dined together at the Berkeley, and went to the Empire. The night was

warm and I found a cool breeze coming through the open door of Windmill Street, almost as pleasing as the ballet.

On the following morning, July ninth, we were off to Henley, having added George Borup to our party. The warm, bright spell of weather that we had enjoyed since my arrival in England was drawing to a close, and prudence suggested an umbrella. I had left my Panama hat in Paris, and seeing that rain might come, I thought a low-crowned black hat would not be amiss.

Arriving at Paddington, the gay throng in summer attire that visitors to Henley know so well, crowded the platforms. All the men wore Panama hats, the brims curved to suit the taste of the wearer.

Almost immediately opposite the station at Henley was a branch shop, opened for the races, with all kinds of yachting goods, including Panama hats. I hesi-

tated, but passed on with the throng. Before entering the enclosure to which our guinea tickets entitled us, I saw a very decayed-looking individual wearing a hat like mine, the first billycock I had seen. This was too much for me, so I said, "Jimmy, I am going back to buy a Panama hat." "All right," he said; "I will go with you." The selection was made subject to his taste, which I discovered was on his part with an eye to future ownership.

Before the day was out, a thunder-shower, turning into a cold storm, made Panama hats most unsuitable headgear. The effect of the storm on the river was to turn the bright, gay colors into sombre drab and black, as each lady donned her waterproof, all effected in a few moments. A feature of the day was the presence of the Indian princes, slender in figure, refined in manner, richly attired, carrying themselves with an ease and grace that im-

plied a more delicately spun social fibre than that of their substantial-looking English ciceroni.

Dr. and Mrs. Bell kindly offered us places at their lunch-table, where we partook, with their pleasant party, of a typical open-air English meal, largely composed of salads, pickles, liquid mayonnaise in large-mouthed bottles, jams and other highly indigestible condiments, as well as an unlimited amount of champagne.

On our return from Henley, we dined with Aleck and Louise, and came home in a cold rain.

The following morning, July tenth, Jimmy informed me in a most virtuous manner that he wanted to go with George Borup and his tutor and see something of London. I smiled and said, "Certainly." On his return in the evening, "Well," said I, "Jimmy, have you had an interesting time?" Then came the description. A tutor more anxious to conscientiously ful-

fil the duty of instructing, rather than entertaining, the youthful mind, lacking, my son seemed to think, in a sense of humour,—as who might not, with two strange boys to instruct who were to report to their fathers what they had seen,—had taken them from one museum to another until my son, at least, was thoroughly tired out. George Borup, to his credit, I hear, stands by the tutor, regarding him doubtless as his father's junior in command and entitled to confidence and respect.

I think I observed in my son an increased regard, if that were possible, for my judgement as to what we should do next as the programme unfolded from day to day. He consoled himself in the evening by going to the theatre with Elsie Nicholas.

My evening was passed very differently. Aleck and I, after dinner, drove to Whitechapel. Leaving the brougham

a safe distance from Huntington Street, we proceeded to the "Girls' Club." Entering a narrow doorway, set back from the street, we found ourselves in a room, some sixty feet or more deep, some twenty feet in width, with benches against the wall, and a piano in one corner, the whole place filled with young girls from the ages of five to fifteen or more. Louise, in a gingham check suit, or something of the sort, was busy, with the assistance of some of the older girls, in bringing the occasion to order. What sensations of curiosity mingled with awe Aleck and I in our evening dress brought to the minds of most of the little ones, I did my part to dispel as quickly as possible by hunting up my friends of the railway station, and greeting them with as much familiarity as their at times unresponsive manner would permit. On such occasions too great a success is as bad as comparative failure, and Louise, probably having an intuitive feel-

ing of the sort, soon called them to order, and seating herself at the piano, the older girls gave us an exhibition in gymnastics, keeping time to her spirited music. I was much impressed with the vigour and grace of the girls' movements, and saw that they had been well trained. Their costumes were not unlike an American girl's bathing-dress, the material, I think, black alpaca, their waists encircled with light blue sashes. After the gymnastics a hymn was sung, leaving that touching feeling that young voices in evening-song carry to our better nature. The girls vote at times as to what hymn shall be chosen, and by their lively interest in the choice show their appreciation of the words.

Louise soon informed us that they had much to do in arranging for summer outings for various members of the club, and that she thought our visit was over. A little red-haired roly-poly, about five years of age, asked to be kissed by Louise,

and was promptly told that she could only be kissed once a week, and then only if she were good. It seems on one of their excursions she had been found hiding under her clothes an empty soda-water bottle which she had picked up, and, much to the amusement of all, it was taken from her with the explanation that she must not take things that did not belong to her. A bright, black-eyed young woman, with a good figure, found my hat and presented it with the air of speedily departing the guest. Aleck and I were soon out in the dismal streets of Whitechapel, seeking later in the Alhambra a more enlivening prospect.

I recall vividly almost every detail of my visit to the “Girls’ Club.” I cannot find in my memory a single scene of the Alhambra entertainment.

July 11th.

A fine day, cold and bright. We are off for the Tower, picking up Archie Brown at the Palace Hotel, where he had come to see Elsie Nicholas. Archie's time being limited, I arranged that he should pay his call on Elsie in a hansom cab between the hotel and the entrance of the Tower. Time did not permit him to go in with us. The superintendent, if that is his title, paid us special attention; later handing us over to a very substantial beef-eater, who showed us all we had time and patience to see, from the foundation stones of the time of Julius Cæsar to the precious gems of King Edward's crown neatly burnished up for the coming coronation. Americans are deservedly popular with officials. We place a low estimate on a shilling, a sixpence we despise, a fourpenny bit we know not, and

we draw little difference between the Prince Consort's florin and a half-crown.

We drove on our way back through Whitechapel, calling at the Girls' Club. It was closed, and the modest exterior was all I could show Elsie and Jimmy.

Lunch at the Berkeley, Madame Tussaud's and the Eton and Harrow match passed the afternoon, and gave us no time to spare before our early dinner with Louise and Aleck at 3 Buckingham Gate, where we met Mr. Sherwood, a friend of Herbert's. After dinner to a comic opera, and so home to bed.

July 12th.

The journey from London to the Continent has always been much more to my liking than the journey from the Continent to London. France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy are countries that entertain me without effort, while in England I sometimes think I work hard for

my pleasures, hence my satisfaction in setting the steps of my son thitherwards. Leaving Charing Cross on the ten-o'clock train, we found in the chairman of the Dover Dock Board, the only other occupant of our carriage, a pleasant companion. He gave us an interesting account of the new harbour work, which is now going on.

The Channel came out smooth as we got our first glimpse of it over the chalk cliffs, and we were soon pacing the boat's deck, where whom should I meet, to my great delight, but my friends Mr. and Mrs. John W. Simpson and their daughter.

My package of eight hundred Starlight cigars cost me 200 francs at the custom-house, which surprised me, as the same number passed at Cherbourg for less than 100 francs. I decided not to discuss the matter, fearing that I might lose both money and lunch, which, as travellers

know, is very well done at the Calais station restaurant.

The ride to Paris has always given me pleasurable sensations. The transition from a sober English-speaking people, albeit they have many virtues, to the lively and picturesque qualities of the Gaul, where costume, character and manner differ so widely from their English neighbours, all three apparently designed to amuse and entertain, excites the mind; and when we add to it the pleasure of speaking their beautiful language, life puts on a new and delightful phase. One buys the "Figaro" to see what is to be played at the Français, what operas are to be given, what is doing at the Gymnase, and is the same good piece going at the Variétés. Some of your fellow-travellers, seeing you at home on both sides of the Channel, give you a look of interest and consideration, and you imagine they are asking themselves if you are not a notability.

As the train speeds its way to Paris, long after you think you have left the Channel, glimpses of the sea, a lighthouse and dunes surprise you in the neighbourhood of Abbeville, peat-bogs and bleaching-greens, surrounded by slender poplars and twinkling birches, appear as you near Amiens. As you thunder through the station at Creil, glide over the high aqueduct beyond, through the quarries, and past the lovely forest of Chantilly, you soon begin to feel the stimulus of the approach to the great pleasure city of the world, and as the train clanks over the turntables and enters the station you are already filled with anticipatory pleasures.

With little delay, Jimmy and I, with our belongings, were rumbling down the Rue Lafayette in a small omnibus, soon finding ourselves in a most comfortable, commodious room, *au cinquième*, at the Ritz, that perfection of modern hotels and modern hotel-keeping.

We had time before dinner to walk through the Garden of the Tuileries out into that beautiful expanse, the Place de la Concorde. What city in the world offers such a scene! The massive Arc in the distant perspective, the graceful Madeleine glowing in the afternoon light, the harmonious Palais Bourbon, and overlooking it all, the Obelisk of Luxor, a monument once the glory of Thebes, now the admiration of Paris. To think that on this spot stood the guillotine in the Reign of Terror!

My son absorbs the new scenes through which he is passing quietly and with an intelligent appreciation of their interest. I was twenty-five years of age when I arrived for the first time in Europe. Paris amazed me, and I may say that I have never gotten over the effects of its fascination. It may be that New York and Philadelphia in those days were such indifferent cities that the contrast with

Paris is not now what it was then. It may be that I was unusually impressionable. I look back with delight at my enjoyment of European life, as I roamed at will from city to city, or from seaside to mountain, free from care and restraint.

Uncle Willie came to dine with us at the Ritz, and was surprised at the growth of his nephew. After dinner he took us in his "Mercedes" for a spin to the Bois, followed later by a call on Emilie and her husband, where Jimmy again surprised his family by his stature. There I met, for the first time, Mr. Wright Post, Emilie's father-in-law, and was much pleased with his amiable reception and kindly, agreeable conversation.

Sunday, July 13th.

We left the Ritz at an early hour to meet Sam and his party, Helen and Molly Lee, who were living in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Sam has a weakness for

stopping at places where he will come into contact, in an informal way, with nice people, I think I might say, of the gentler sex. He had certainly accomplished it in the very agreeable quarters in which we found him.

It was near church time, and an air of what English people would call a "Christian Sabbath" pervaded the reception room we were shown into, the ladies appearing in their best walking-suits, putting on their gloves as they laid their prayer-books down. Who has said, "to be well-dressed gives us a satisfaction that religion has no power to confer"? Sam's arrival in a summer suit did not add particularly to the Sabbatarian air, as he received us with his bright and genial smile. Molly and Helen soon followed. The delightful reunion with members of the same family meeting in a foreign city made us a very happy party.

We three men were soon off for the Île

de Puteaux, where, after some good games of tennis, we were joined by Helen and Molly at breakfast. Will Thorn arrived later in his auto, taking us in the afternoon to see a game of pelote, a wonderful exhibition of skill at ball-playing by young men from the south of France and Spain. The accuracy with which they projected the ball from a long, narrow basket, which is fastened to the right arm, resembling somewhat the wicker curves placed over carriage wheels to keep off the mud from ladies' dresses, was marvellous. A hundred yards or more away, they would throw the ball high up on the wall facing them, again and again at nearly the same spot. Nearly a thousand people were watching them, and the Spanish custom of throwing cigars into the bull-ring, as a grateful appreciation of a brilliant stroke, prevailed.

In the evening we had a family party at Paillard's, the principal feature of the

dinner being that the peaches were six francs apiece. Fortunately, most of the party declined them. Jimmy declared he had never tasted a peach equal to the one he then and there devoured. An hour at a *café chantant*, and the evening was over.

July 14th.

France's national holiday. A warm summer day. Jimmy and I separated, each to his favourite pastime, his tennis, mine golf; he with his Uncle Sam, intending to take in the review at Longchamps, an entertainment that I was willing to omit, having served an apprenticeship to most of the shows that Longchamps offers to the Paris public.

In the evening we dined our relatives Mr. and Mrs. Post and Will Thorn at the Ritz. Unfortunately, being a warm night, the Hungarian band moved out into the garden, and Mr. Post found him-

self seated almost under one of the violins, which he remarked was just his luck. However, the dinner passed off with spirit, and we separated in excellent humour and good feeling, Jimmy and I going for a stroll to see the Parisians entertaining themselves in the streets, all traffic being stopped, and the town handed over to those on foot. Numerous small orchestras or bands of music are stationed at corners, and a not unattractive gathering of men and women dance on the asphalt until morning.

Subscriptions are taken up some time before from the shopkeepers, whereby this annual frolic is free to all comers, and one must confess that Parisians deserve great credit for the attractive way in which they enjoy themselves. It is, I think, one of the marks of their high civilization. One has but to compare a pleasure party among what are called the lower classes in England to a similar entertainment in

France to realise how different the sources of enjoyment of the two nations are.

July 15th.

A dull day. Some rain, still we got in several sets of tennis at Puteaux, hurrying away about five in the afternoon, leaving Sam still at the nets, to catch the Orient Express.

The obliging gouvernante of the Ritz, as well as the general staff of porters, waiters, and bell-boys, did their best to meet our needs and expedite our departure.

I think there is something decidedly "chic" in a gouvernante. The one in question is an Alsacienne, good-natured, with a pleasant smile and bright, black eyes. She has been maid to one or two American families, has travelled in America, and knows well how to supply the wants of the varied nationalities that frequent the Ritz.

The dining hour on the Orient Express is immediately on the departure of the train, at 7 P.M. We were seated at a table in the dining-car, with a boy of twelve on my left, and his tutor on Jim's right, as we rolled out into the open, through the walls of Paris, past rows of forlorn-looking white buildings, with here and there a little patch of green, over canals, under bridges, out into the beautiful landscape of cultivated France, where fields of ripening grain, tinged here and there with pale yellow, were swept in graceful waves by the evening breeze, while scarlet poppies and blue corn-flowers peeped from the unfenced border, all softly illuminated by the declining sun.

Calling my son's attention to a colombier, as one of the causes of the French Revolution, the tutor remarked in a kindly, firm, tutorial manner, "Droit de seigneurie." This broke the ice, and we were soon chatting pleasantly together,

when the revolving fan fell from the ceiling, one of the blades striking me, doing no harm other than making me for the moment a conspicuous person.

A very nice-looking French gentleman, with a trim, angular, distingué-looking wife, who might have been a good horse-woman, made himself pleasant. They were on their way to the Kneipp cure, over which he was most enthusiastic, telling me he had been carried there, suffering, he feared, past recovery, from rheumatism, and was now as well as ever. The theory of the treatment seems to be stimulation of the circulation by douches on particular parts of the body, the free use of pure drinking-water and careful diet. His party, himself, wife, and little girl, left us at Ulm, and the cordial manner in which we parted left that pleasing impression on my mind that the appearance of myself and son was satisfactory, perhaps attractive, to the keen appreciation of an intelligent Frenchman.

Sedelmeyer and his daughters were also in the train, en route for Gastein. We talked paintings, and were both of us most enthusiastic over John Sargent's "Ladies Acheson." Sedelmeyer says he returned several times to the Royal Academy to sit, and enjoy the delightful portrait of those beautiful ladies.

July 16th.

We had an hour at Munich, where we arrived about ten o'clock in the morning. Leaving our hand luggage with a trustyträger, we took a cab to where I thought we could buy some tennis balls, which satisfactorily obtained, and forgetting a new silk umbrella (which, I think, I left at the shop), will, I fear, cause Jimmy to remember Munich as the place where we bought the tennis balls and lost the umbrella. Perhaps a good glass of beer that he had at the station will be another souvenir of this to me most interesting city.

The journey to Botzen over the Brenner delights the eye with an unvarying scene of beauty. Mountain torrents, here and there breaking into waterfalls; vine-clad hills crowned by ruined castles or picturesque monasteries; a winding macadam road coming, from time to time, in view; meadows where, in almost theatrical costumes, the peasants are tossing the hay; and, towering over all, the massive crags of the Dolomites, make a scene never to be forgotten by the American traveller who knows only the repetition of the cheap wooden constructions and ungainly factories that repeat themselves so constantly in his own country. At Innsbruck, where we commenced the climb to the Brenner, we sampled the beer at the railway station, and had a few words with the porter of the Tyrolerhof, who is a devoted friend of Helen's, a man of smooth manners, who has left me entirely in doubt as to whether he has an affection for me and my

family outside of the liberal tips that I have bestowed on him during the last few months.

About six in the evening the train drew up at Botzen. How we did enjoy our baths and all the other luxuries and comforts of that excellent Hotel Bristol, after our twenty-four hours' railroad ride from Paris!

No news from Helen. In the opinion of the porter of the Hotel Bristol, she and Mrs. Hurlbut are somewhere in the neighbourhood of Karer See. This information comes in a mysterious way. Probably their natty little driver has been writing his lady love, or somebody may have seen them and communicated the fact to the porter. He merely gives it as his opinion.

The Hotel Mendel telephones that she is expected there in a day or two. We soothed our disappointment at not meeting her, by an excellent dinner, after which we found a billiard-table in a café chan-

tant, and had two pleasures combined. The prima donna of the café chantant sang a song depicting the sad terrors of reaching forty years of age. As she was already there, and knew we knew it, she made it quite comical.

In the morning we decided to drive to Karer See, and take the chance of meeting Helen. We acted wisely. Half way up the mountain pass, whom should I see seated on a box next the driver, coming down the mountain at a good pace, but Barbara, all over smiles as she caught sight of me. Needless to say, there was a grand time, as our two landaus drew up, Jimmy and Helen greeting each other with shouts of joy.

We three were a gay party as we drove off with light luggage, waving good-bye to Mrs. Hurlbut and Barbara, who were to return to Botzen and so on to Mendel, awaiting us there after our visit to Karer See.

From the time my son landed until the delightful moment of recognition, Helen had been constantly in our thoughts, and to meet her was the objective point of our journey. She had passed the spring months at Meran, desiring to have a good rest after the activities of her New York life.

Our home there was in the Villa Imperial, where we had the pleasure of seeing, from time to time, the Archduke and Archduchess Rainer (who occupied the premier), cousins of the Emperor, an elderly couple much beloved throughout Austria. The erect soldierly figure, attired, as a rule, in undress uniform, a kindly expression, a heavy white moustache, a pleasant smile and a courteous acknowledgement of the salutations which he received on all sides, made it always a pleasure to see the Archduke Rainer in his comings and goings. His wife, to whom he was devoted, impressed me as a good

soul. A children's fête in her honour took place on the grounds of the Villa Imperial, much to the delight of all concerned.

Another constant distinguished visitor was the Archduke Ludwig Victor, the Emperor's brother, who came at one time, almost every day, to play tennis on the dirt court belonging to the villa. His partner was an officer of rank, whose name I have forgotten. The Archduke impressed me as having what I should call an historical countenance, a Hapsburg, bringing to your mind the stirring events of past centuries with which this name is associated. He frequently took his mid-day meal in a little room adjoining the main dining-room.

Captain Schmidt von Schwendt and his wife were also guests at the Villa Imperial; the captain, having accompanied Prince Henry to America as his personal adjutant, was, I think, renewing his

strength by a visit to the Tyrol. We became good friends.

Prince Henry had acquired a taste for golf in China, and on his suggestion links were established at Kiel, hence a special interest in the game on the part of the captain. Having a set of clubs with me, the captain and a Russian gentleman, who was also of our hotel, and myself, improvised a course on the Sports Platz, our game consisting of a contest to see who would go around the race-course in the smallest number of strokes, penalising any one who drove the ball outside the course, one stroke; if over the fence, two strokes; not infrequently a lost ball being an additional penalty for the latter. It was good practice for straight driving and approach shots.

I inquired of the captain if it were true that at some point in the western country, the roughs, at one o'clock in the morning, had hammered against the Pull-

man car, calling out to Prince Henry to come out and show himself; and I was much entertained to note how carefully he avoided in his reply any criticism of the manners of my countrymen, explaining that it occurred at Springfield, Kentucky; that their programme had not included this place, which was the reason why they were not ready to make their respects to the inhabitants.

I was much charmed with Madame von Schwendt. The simplicity and sweetness of her manner, combined with the delicacy and force of her perceptions, have left with me a delightful recollection.

While Helen was recuperating at Meran and Mendel, I passed some time at Vienna. Herr Laszlo had offered to paint my portrait.

Strolling through the spring exhibition, at Vienna, I was almost startled as I came upon Laszlo's portrait of Count Castellane. It was the head only, wearing the

helmet of a cuirassier. The eyes were marvellous. I had never seen the original, yet I felt it must be a wonderful likeness. As I looked further, I saw the Emperors of Austria and Germany, the Pope and Cardinal Rampolla, all his work. I doubted if a simple American citizen could present any attractions to him. I called at his studio about six in the evening, on my return from the golf course, and presented myself. Herr Laszlo is a gentleman of about thirty-five years of age, of middle stature, with dark hair and piercing black eyes that tell you that you are face to face with a man of superior power. I opened the conversation in French, and was answered by the three words "I speak English," to which I replied, "I have three questions to ask you: Would you be willing to paint my portrait? when could you do it? and what would be the expense?" I received satisfactory replies to all three of my requests. The work was

commenced one Monday in May, and after five or six sittings a very good portrait was produced. We had become good friends. He criticised his work, in my presence, somewhat in this manner: "If I were asked whose portrait that was, not knowing you, I would say it was that of an Australian farmer, a man with large flocks and herds, a gentleman farmer, you know." On another occasion, looking at the picture, he remarked: "A nice old gentleman." I was able to bear these compliments without blushing.

I introduced Herr Laszlo to the game of golf. We visited the races together; lunched at the Bristol. We became companionable.

During my sittings I frequently looked at a beautiful portrait of his attractive wife. He told me of the courtship, which had lasted nine years. They had met at a fancy-dress ball, given at the Pinakothek, at Munich. It was love at first sight.

Miss Guinness was of one of the first families of Ireland. What could seem more hopeless! a Catholic, a young Hungarian artist, his spurs not yet won, seeking the hand of a Scotch Presbyterian, related to a lord, and daughter of a devoted mother. I need say no more. Those who have daughters will wonder that even nine years accomplished it. Lovers will not.

I think it was just one week from the commencement of the portrait, when, presenting myself as usual, about nine in the morning, at the studio, Herr Laszlo turned the portrait upside down, announcing that he was now about to do something which would make me believe he was a very impracticable man. "I can paint a much better portrait of you than this one. I know you now. I did not at first." The present portrait, which has been much admired both in Paris and New York, was the result. The head of the

original picture can be seen on looking at the back of the canvass.

Later, I had the pleasure of meeting Madame Laszlo, at Buda Pesth, where she and her husband entertained me at a very delightful lunch at the Park Club, which is almost immediately opposite their handsome residence. The Park Club, I may add, is in many respects superior to any club-house I have ever seen in a large city. The appointments are perfect, the rooms spacious, furnished in excellent taste, and the extensive grounds are provided with tennis courts and other open-air recreations.

Before setting out on my journey from Paris to meet my son, I had the pleasure of having Herr and Madame Laszlo dine with me at the Ritz. The leader of the Hungarian band recognized a compatriot and devoted himself and his orchestra to our entertainment throughout the evening, as is customary, advancing several steps

in front toward us in order that he might concentrate his feeling on my distinguished guests.

An interesting episode occurred during my stay in Vienna. An invitation that I had given to a friend to accompany me to the Ballet had been cancelled, owing to a headache. I had offered the ticket to one of the gentlemen who aid in managing the hotel. He had asked permission to present it, if he found he could not go. I was naturally somewhat interested in seeing who my neighbour would be. The seat was empty during the first piece. On my return, after the entr'acte, it was occupied by a lady. After some little time, no attention whatsoever having been paid to me, I offered a programme, which was graciously accepted. In a few moments we were in conversation in French. I recall a sentence which at once fixed in my mind the attractions of my neighbour. Looking at the orchestra,

which was immediately in front of us, our seat being on the front row, she remarked, “Comme ils jouent tendrement.” The word brought us into sympathy at once. Another sentence, “Ainsi, Monsieur, vous voyagez continuellement dans toutes les capitales de l’Europe?” I thought of Mephistopheles’ reply, “Dire nécessité, Madame.” She was much too young and pretty for it to be appropriate. When the opera was over, I bowed my acknowledgements, and we separated. Later, I found I had been enjoying the society of Madame Wolfe, wife of the proprietor of the Hotel Bristol, a most accomplished linguist, speaking English perfectly. We had quite a laugh over our adventure, when we met, later on, at the hotel; we felt it savoured something of the “Bal Masqué.”

To return to our journey. Some excellent *forellen* for lunch was the principal event, barring of course the scenery,

before our arrival at Karer See. Here we found a meadow, high up in the mountains, overlooked by the peaks and crags of the Rosengarten and Lattimer groups. The hotel is a large stone building run on Viennese lines. The guests were from one third to one half "God's chosen people." The tennis courts were poor affairs, and mountain walks, beneath the deep shade of the evergreens, leading to charming views, with here and there a rude seat for the weary, were the chief attractions of the place. We were put up in the Chalet, and after two nights, Jimmy having made the ascent of one of the peaks and Helen having made the acquaintance of the lovely little wife of a Viennese doctor, we thought our visit was over, and made our preparations for departure on the morning of July nineteenth, our natty little coachman, with a pretty white feather in his hat, that he so carefully tucked away under the seat

whenever it rained, cracking his whip in fine style as we bade good-bye to Karer See, and rolled by the various parties out for their morning walks. Our journey down was uneventful. A thunder-storm kept us nearly an hour at a wayside inn, and it was nine in the evening as we drew up at Mendel, and were greeted by Mrs. Hurlbut, who, standing on the steps, had altogether the air of a hospitable chatelaine of a large country house. I might add that she had more than the air, as she had all ready for us a good evening meal.

Sunday, July 20th.

Mendel is of somewhat recent date. A military road, built as only the Continent builds, opened it up.

Herr Schrott, the father of the present proprietor, knowing the intentions of the government, bought extensive tracts of land on and about the summit of the pass,

selling a portion of it for a hotel, which proving a success, he was induced likewise to build.

A panorama of snow mountains, known in part as the Ortler group, is in fine relief to the westward. A short walk down the road exposes to view almost the entire range of the Dolomites, with the valley of the Etsch at one's feet.

Botzen is in full view to the northward. Villages line the banks of the Etsch southward, while here and there small lakes lie half concealed by the hills that surround them.

The wooded surroundings of the hotel are traversed by excellent footpaths for miles, in one direction leading to an extended view, including the famous Bernina, well known to those who have visited the Engadine; in another to parks, resembling on a small scale the parks of the Rocky Mountains, none the less beautiful on account of their size. It required two

parks for the five holes of golf that the Rev. Mr. Chapman and I laid out.

Herr Schrott, our attentive host, is an active young man, about twenty-five years of age, excelling in outdoor sports, muscular, being able to break a stone of some size with his fist, ambitious to excel in whatever he does. Helen and I had many good games of tennis with him and his sister, who found time to join us as well as to pursue her studies in the culinary department. We visited her in the kitchen, where, under her white cap, her smiling face reminded one of a young prima donna in an opera bouffe.

I must not omit mention of my friend, the head porter, erect and soldierly in bearing, attentive to his duties, always cheerful and never flustered. He gave me a sketch of his life, including, among other interesting events, his campaign in our army during the Civil War.

In the afternoon a Tyrolean band en-

livened the occasion, a large Sunday gathering, more or less in the costume of the country, giving a unique appearance to this retired spot.

July 21st.

It poured all day. We visited the golf course and came home soaked. We held a council of travel, and concluded that as time was of the essence, Jimmy and I should be off for Venice, so on the twenty-second, a fine day after the rain, we bade good-bye to Helen and Mrs. Hurlbut, and in a little over two hours were in Botzen.

Two young men got out of the train that we were to take at Botzen, to enjoy the air and scene. They were evidently fellow-countrymen, with a decided look of Boston and Cambridge. On our arrival at Ala, I made their acquaintance, calling their attention to the large number of baskets on the platform of the station,

filled with laurel leaves to be sent to Germany, where, besides their use as decorations, they are an important addition to the cuisine, more especially for game. These young men asked that they might join us in visiting Verona, where we had three hours before taking the train for Venice. We engaged a cab with a broken-down horse, and permitting a seedy-looking "valet de place" to mount by the coachman's side, the six of us rolled along the streets of the town until we arrived at the Arena. The "valet de place" soon proved himself a fifth wheel to the coach, but, as travellers know, once engaged it was impossible to get rid of him. We saw the Arena at sunset, appearing at its best. The official guide was much pleased to inform us that Baedeker was in error in stating that it held only twenty thousand people, while it really held sixty thousand, and Buffalo Bill had given a performance to at least forty thousand.

From the Arena to Juliet's tomb and then to the principal hotel of the town, where with little delay an excellent dinner was set before us.

The journey to Venice was more or less in the dark, and it was only as, at eleven o'clock at night, we walked out of the gloomy railway station on to the flight of steps that overlook the Grand Canal, and saw the gondolas flying in every direction, that my son manifested his delight and surprise by the expression: "This is great!" We were soon gliding through the narrow canals, the cry of the gondolier and the splash of the oar alone breaking the midnight silence, passing palaces gloomy as prisons, decaying walls covered with masses of drooping verdure, and under low arched bridges, we sitting in silence, awed by the solemnity around us, until, rounding the palace of the two Foscari, we found ourselves in the Grand Canal. As we approached the hotel, a rich,

musical voice resounded from the Giudecca, the last of the Fête Vénitienne, that nightly wakes the echoes through the long Italian summer.

The manager of the Grand, where I am a favoured guest, was awaiting us, and we were shown to palatial apartments overlooking the Grand Canal. We could almost have played a game of tennis in our sitting-room, and several squash courts could have been put up in the bedroom, notwithstanding all of which the beds were hard and the pillows small.

My acquaintance with the manager of the Grand arose in this way. About the month of June, for several years, I had been in the habit of making a European trip of two or three months, leaving my children in our little home at Tuxedo under the care of their faithful "Fräulein." Helen and Jimmy tell me now that when I left them that night they sobbed themselves to sleep in each other's arms. This

is the first I have heard of their distress on account of my departure. It is fortunate for me that I have been so long ignorant of their affectionate sorrow.

On these trips I would wander alone from place to place, revisiting scenes surrounded in the past with delightful associations, and gratifying my curiosity by the sight of some of the interesting resorts with which I was familiar by name.

Venice in the summer has always been one of my greatest delights. I love in the warm sunlight of the afternoon to float by the Public Gardens, their white stone balustrade and beautifully proportioned entrance thrown into relief by the background of rich foliage. One may mount the flight of steps and in the deep shade pace beneath the lofty plane-trees that have given to many a child in Venice the first knowledge of what the woods might be. As we glide on, we pass the rose-

tinted Doge's Palace, the Campanile of San Giorgio, always in sight as the declining sun warms it with a soft reddish glow, the dainty white columns of the church, at its base, adding to its charm. Across the water shines the gilded figure of Fortuna on the Custom House; the massive dome of Santa Maria della Salute, as the sun descends, delights the eye with its sheen and shadows; at night, reclining on the soft cushions of the gondola, as we approach the Piazetta, a subdued murmur comes over the water—the same murmuring whisper that has been wafted over the lagoon for centuries. Among the busy haunts of men, where will we find a scene of beauty created by man that has so successfully escaped the hand of time! I love to think that all around us is as it was when Othello made love to Desdemona, and Shylock bartered with Antonio. Let us hope it may remain so, and that the warning of the Campanile may be

a lesson that will last for a thousand years and more.

Talking with the porter of the Grand Hotel, I learned of an interesting trip northward to Cortina, and was told it could all be arranged for me; taking the morning train for Treviso, passing an hour or two there, and then on to Belluno, by rail, where I arrived about four in the afternoon. A landau was awaiting me, and with little delay my trunk was fastened on to it, a nice-looking well-dressed man, of whom more anon, aiding in the operation. As we drove over a good road lined with rich foliage, walnut-trees for the most part, from village to village, I was amused by my driver, who, vigorously snapping his whip, would call to the window many a bright young face with which he exchanged a smile. Did each pair of black eyes think it was the only one thus favoured?

Arriving at dusk at Ospitale, I was

somewhat surprised by being told by my driver that he could take me no farther. I was about to remonstrate, when he pointed out a young woman, dressed in the picturesque costume of the country, telling me that she had come to meet me, that she was the daughter of the proprietor of the inn to which I was going, and would look after me. Foreseeing a long drive in her company, and appreciating the importance of some knowledge of her state, I sought information from my driver, who, as he was about to leave, informed me that she was engaged to be married to the man who had helped to fasten on my trunk. I felt at once that I was not without a means of interesting her.

After a poor meal at Ospitale, I told her I was ready to go. A rather shabby one-horse vehicle appeared on the scene, into which I got, the young woman preparing to mount the narrow seat next the driver. She hesitated before accepting

my invitation to sit with me, and, after getting in, drew very much to one side, evidently looking upon me as a person to be treated with great respect. Almost her first remark was to ask me my opinion of the meal we had just finished. I appreciated at once the fact that she was a rival in innkeeping, and we commenced our friendship by roundly abusing what had been offered us, more especially the chicken, not sparing the butter.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, conducive to companionship, and as we both studied to please, the time passed pleasantly. As we passed, from time to time, the small chapels that line the road, she crossed herself. On one occasion I took off my hat, which caused her to turn sharply upon me, and ask if I were a Protestant. Replying that I was, she astonished me by the question, "Do Protestants believe in God?" Remembering that on one occasion the Bishop of Oxford,

in a speech in the House of Lords, had gone so far as to say that there was really no difference in the teachings of the English Church and the Catholic Church, I took his words as my text, and endeavoured to explain how little difference there was between the religious views of the Protestants and the Catholics. I was getting on very well, I thought, until, her eyes brilliant with a trace of anger at my daring to try to make her believe that Protestants are as good as Catholics, she uttered in a shrill, clear-cut voice these three words, “E la Madonna?” I can hear her now in my mind, as one recalls the voice of a favourite opera-singer. What could I say? She revealed so clearly to me the power of the devotion to the Virgin, the strength of the Church in having found a sure road to the human heart through the love of a mother, that unselfish love that in adversity grows stronger, when the love of friends grows weaker,

the image of a mother and a child turning away the thought of sin and answering the feeling of love. Her question was a sermon in three words. I changed the conversation (there was nothing else to do), saying to her, "When are you going to be married?" She started back in painful surprise, saying, "How did you know that I was engaged?" I answered, with a wave of the hand, "Why, the whole valley knows it." (It was, perhaps, hardly fair in me to make so broad a statement.) It altered her whole manner toward me. We sat in silence for a few moments, then she confided the whole story to me—how the man had nothing, and no employment, what a good man he was, and how much she loved him. I sympathised with her, and she treated me as a friend in whom she could repose confidence.

As we neared Perarolo, a bright young girl of about sixteen years of age came

running toward us, crying out, “Catarina.” It was her younger sister, who had been waiting impatiently for her arrival. She ran by the side of our vehicle, conversing with her sister, until we arrived at their home, a little house picturesquely situated on the side of a hill. I suppose Catarina had said some good words for me, as I was treated most companionably from the start. They offered to prepare me a supper, which I declined.

The fireplace was in the centre of the kitchen, a square of some four feet, bordered with stone, the ashes heaped up in a mound, and the smoke going out of an opening at the top of the room. We sat down at a table, and they brought out a pasteboard box containing their treasures, mostly cards of English people who had stopped with them and had left a few words written on their cards to express their pleasure at the manner in which they had been entertained. I found Dean

Stanley's card, and a letter written by Gladstone's secretary. I think it was signed, "Montague." They had already told me that Gladstone had been one of their guests for several days. The letter read about as follows: "Mr. Gladstone desires me to say in reply to yours of —— that he is quite unable to be of any assistance to you." They would not tell me at first what their demand on him had been, but I finally got out of them that they had an impression that he was a man of immense wealth, which was their idea of Prime Minister. They had written to ask if he would lend them the money with which to build a hotel. I think they were a little ashamed of what they had done. I could hardly keep from laughing.

Catarina took me to my bedroom, which was clean and had an air of comfort. One may be quite assured their distinguished guests would not have remained

with them if such had not been the case.

As we stood by the bureau, looking at some trifling pieces of jewelry I had bought in Venice, her name was called in a reproachful tone of voice from the door by her younger sister, who, I think, had very decided views on the propriety of Catarina's enjoying the society of any other man than the one to whom she was engaged. Catarina complimented me by paying no attention to her sister. The call was so plaintively reproachful that my feelings were divided. My judgement inclined toward the younger sister. I encouraged Catarina to choose the little present she had in hand, over which she was debating, and to bid me good night. The younger sister was a better matron than Dame Schwerline.

I slept well in a comfortable bed, awakening about eight, just in time to see the younger sister coming into my room

on tiptoe, bringing me a pitcher of hot water.

A mountain torrent, the Piave, a saw-mill in the distance, a picturesque little village, and the green slopes of the mountain sides were the features of Perarolo.

I made a bargain with the father, a fine-looking old man, to drive me to Cortina, and shortly after lunch we set out on our journey. He informed me that Catarina had begged him to let her go along, and that he had sternly refused, considering it a breach of propriety, which I distinctly approved. I fell asleep before long, and when I awoke we had passed Pieve di Cadore, the birthplace of Titian, where a small statue has been erected to him. The old man seemed to feel the responsibility of my having missed the one sight of the neighbourhood, telling me that, after all, it did not amount to much, and that it was not much higher than the length of my umbrella.

We passed the Austrian frontier without trouble, and arrived at Cortina about four o'clock,—a highly esteemed resort which was not quite up to my expectations. I had not been there long before whom should I see but Catarina, driving into the village, sitting on the back seat of a landau, in company with a well-dressed man. She had a worried look on her face. I intended to go on to Toblach to pass the night there, and when I found that her companion was the manager of the Grand Hotel at Venice, who was taking a tour for his health, I invited him to drive with me, an invitation which he seemed please to accept.

The drive from Cortina to Toblach is charming. The pink-coloured Dolomites are in view for much of the time, and delight and astonish by their massive grandeur and exquisite colours.

My new companion and I had much conversation over Catarina and her fu-

ture, reasoning out the question of whether it was wise in her to marry, she having appealed to both of us in turn for advice. There was something to me peculiarly agreeable to find myself drawn into a confidential relation regarding the future of a young girl in this, to me, new and interesting part of Italy.

Catarina, I hear, is happily married. I look forward some day to revisiting Peralolo, and hope that I shall find her as attractive as when we parted. I am somewhat fearful, however, that the care of a family and the trials of inn-keeping may have left their marks.

It seems Catarina's brother was employed at the Grand Hotel in Venice, which explains the selection for me of her father's inn by the porter.

My drive from Cortina to Toblach with the manager also explains why my son and I were given the best rooms in the Grand.

It was quite early in the morning when I hied out to the “Piazza” to see the ruins of the “Campanile”; the first effect was somewhat similar to the impression produced after a big fire on Broadway: a pile of bricks surrounded by a board fence, and, in the distance, the entrance of the Doge’s Palace, looking as if it had been stained by smoke. St. Mark’s stood out well, no longer dwarfed by the huge Campanile.

We passed the morning first in taking kodak pictures of the ruins in the Piazza, then a short visit to St. Mark’s, which we found crowded with the devout, many kneeling on the undulating mosaic pavement, and finally an hour or two in the Doge’s Palace. We were amused by a young lady, seated in the council-chamber, with a Baedeker in one hand and Hare’s “Walks in Venice” in the other, and her eyes wandering on the walls and ceiling, and from book to book. Fortunately, she

did not see our expressions of amusement. We did the whole thing very thoroughly, prison and all.

My desire has been throughout our journey to save my son from the fatigue of sight-seeing, and make his visit one of pleasure unalloyed by the feeling that the sights must be seen even if they cannot be enjoyed, reminding him from time to time that I was only introducing him to Dame Europa, and that many opportunities would almost certainly arise when he could more thoroughly investigate the inexhaustible stores of art, science, and history that she holds in her hands. The afternoon included a bath in the Lido, and the evening was passed on that most delightful of all waters, the Grand Canal on a fine summer's night. As I sat alone at midnight on the little balcony of the hotel, close to the entrance, a gondola drew up with three men in it, one an elderly gentleman who seemed, as he walked into the hotel,

somewhat dazed and lost in his surroundings, as his companions called to him, "You are going the wrong way, Mr. Smith." His general make-up interested me, and I awaited an opportunity to make his acquaintance.

July 24th.

Continued fine weather. We visited the "Rialto," passing our hands over the glossy surface of the stone balustrade, wondering how it had taken on such a polish. Having left the hotel without a handkerchief, I purchased one in a shop on the bridge, from a man who might have been a descendant of Jessica. In the Fruit Market we searched for ripe peaches; they were all hard, at least on one side. One must go to Paris to enjoy the peach in perfection, that tender, luscious fruit with such a delightful, penetrating fragrance.

In the Fish Market we saw the huge,

coarse tunny fish; from there to the “Belli Arti,” lolling at our ease in that most comfortable of all conveyances, the gondola.

What more distracting to the inquiring mind of youth than a picture-gallery! I suggested to my son that he should carry away the impression of one picture only, choosing for him Titian’s “Presentation in the Temple.” I pointed out the rich colouring and how the picture had been made to suit its location, permitting a door of the Academy to open, to the sacrifice of its lower line; and how skilfully the artist had centred the interest of the picture in the child-like figure, her little hand carefully gathering up her blue dress, a flood of light around her as she mounts the steps of the temple, the eyes of the richly attired company watching her as she is about to be received by the venerable high priest who with outspread arms awaits her. Théophile Gautier is authority for the

statement, that tradition says Titian painted this picture at the age of fourteen.

We visited the interiors of Santa Maria della Salute and San Giorgio, and enjoyed their harmonious proportions and the elaborate wood-carvings of their choirs. I was interested in watching a priest of forty years of age or thereabouts showing the carvings to a handsome young Venetian, observing that his sacred mission had not eliminated entirely that tender regard for the sympathy of the opposite sex that all good men should have.

Later in the day we had our usual delightful bath at the Lido, thus filling up the time very fully until the hour of dining.

After dinner I observed considerable movement in the party of guests who had arrived the same evening with Mr. Smith. A gentleman, who was evidently the leading mind, was making arrangements with one of the music-boats. He was in

charge of the party, which was one of "De Potter's Tours," composed of nice-looking people, ladies predominating. I noted particularly the cry of one young lady, "We do not want to be tied," which meant that she did not care to have the gondola they were in tied to the music-boat. "There are plenty of others who do, if you do not," was the answer. Taking our gondola, we followed the little fleet up the Grand Canal, the number of gondolas increasing rapidly. Enjoying the delightful music, we found ourselves finally underneath the Rialto, and as one of the steamers passed us at a very low rate of speed, the gondoliers indulged in loud cries of Venetian anger at the disturbance; all of which very much interested Jimmy, and, I think, he exclaimed for the second time, "This is great!" From the Rialto we returned by the narrow canals, coming out in front of the Salute, which was illuminated by Ben-

gal lights. I am not quite sure that their addition was an improvement to the scene. However, I will say that De Potter's agent contrived for us a most delightful evening.

The following day we determined on a game of tennis at the Lido, where is a dirt court. The sun was so bright and hot that we were soon satisfied, and took to the sea, enjoying a delightful bath.

That evening I found Mr. Smith seated with his friends, and took the liberty of speaking to him. He received my advances in an agreeable manner, and I learned his story. He was one of De Potter's tourists. He informed us that he was from Terre Haute, pronouncing it "Terry Hut," and that the entire expense of the De Potter tour from New York to Antwerp, as far north as Amsterdam, as far east as Vienna, and as far south as Venice, and so back to Antwerp, via Paris, was only three hundred dollars, the

number of days occupied being sixty, which would give five dollars a day. On my suggesting that he had left his tour of Europe rather late in life—he was seventy-five—he told us how it all came about. “My daughter wanted me to come. I told her if she could get her uncle, who lived down in Vincennes, to go, then I’d go. You see, I had no idea he would go, and when he surprised me by saying he would, of course I had to come along.” We talked about railroads, he remarking that the President of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois was a pretty cute sort of a man, and that he had got the best railroad on which to go to Chicago. He wished to know if I knew one of their number, Mr. B., of Brooklyn. I did not, but said the name sounded to me as if he were a Wall Street man. “That is just what I think,” he said, with an energy implying the solution of a problem more or less frequently discussed, adding in a lower tone, “He

seems to have plenty of money," to which I replied that Wall Street men, whether they were rich or not, were usually able freely to gratify all their personal wants. The impression was left on my mind that the members of the tour were as much interested in the historical research of each other's past as they were in that of the varied objects of interest so constantly succeeding each other in their rapid journey. He was anxious to know all about me, which, perhaps, was only fair, after he had told me so much about himself. I introduced him to my son, and his first remark was, "Did you ever live on Water Street before?"—a remark not calculated to increase the poetic impression that Venice undoubtedly carries with it in the evening.

We made a very pleasant call on Signor Dino Barozzi. This gentleman belongs to one of the good old families of Venice. His father lately occupied one of the high-

est official positions in the gift of the city, requiring him, among other duties, to appear in uniform at the railway station from time to time to receive important personages coming to visit Venice, being known as the "Cicerone of Kings." He is now, I believe, retired to the more modest position of presiding officer of one of the museums. The son whom we visited is a fine-looking man about forty years of age, with an easy, agreeable address. It is delightful to hear him speak the beautiful language of his country. One wishes it were possible to imitate him. I recall with great pleasure a visit Sam and I made some three years ago to his country place situated on the road to Padua. We met him, on a fine Sunday morning in May, at the steamboat landing, a little before nine o'clock, where we found him with his three little daughters and their governess, his wife with, I think, the same number of children having gone by the

eight o'clock boat. I was much interested throughout the day to see how ingeniously she had contrived to combine her domestic duties and the grace of a most agreeable hostess. An amusing incident occurred at the midday meal. A most attractive-looking dish of asparagus was passed round. Madame Barozzi declined it with an air of indifference; the governess in a decided manner, the children one after another also shaking their heads as the plate was offered them, until it arrived to the youngest, who, making a motion with the evident intention of helping herself, created quite a stir around her, which at once checked her. It was so evident that the mother had instructed them not to touch the dish, owing to the limited number of spears which their garden had been able to supply, that a smile went round the table at the confusion of the little child; the bitterness of thoughtless disobedience, the mortification caused by the looks and

smiles of her sisters, coloured her sweet little face crimson. The blood of her ancestors came to her rescue, her dignity was preserved; and a general recognition of the situation, with which no one of us, except, perhaps, the governess, could be entirely satisfied, found its solution in laughter. I do not think I have ever tasted such luscious asparagus, nor have I ever partaken of anything where I felt so cheap. Even the resurrection of the feudal law placing the wife as first vassal would hardly have reconciled our position, and when it came to the American view of the treatment of women and children, nothing but the amusement that the scene created saved the situation. The children were consoled for the loss of the asparagus by a liberal supply of wood-strawberries and sponge-cake.

Signor Barozzi gave us an interesting account of the details of what had been done to the Campanile, and which, in his

opinion, had caused its fall. It seems a new architect had lately been appointed to care for this noble monument. He had conceived the idea of putting in a horizontal water conduit to save the “Loggia” from being further stained. The masons, having chipped out the bricks, were surprised by the falling within of great masses of rubbish, and immediately the tower began to settle over the opening they had made. A general consternation then took possession of all concerned, and, as we know, in a few days the Campanile fell to the ground. Our conversation was in French, and in describing the event, Signor Barozzi remarked that the Campanile had fallen like a “gentleman” (using the English word), having carefully avoided causing any damage to St. Mark’s. I thought it quite complimentary to the English language that he should have chosen this word. There is certainly no synonym in French which

expresses all that the word “gentleman” carries with it.

After three delightful days in Venice, and three delightful evenings, the warm sunlight in the latter part of the afternoon giving that soft colour to the various buildings of historic interest and exquisite architectural proportions that lovers of Venice know so well, we took the morning train on July twenty-sixth and were in Milan in time for lunch at the railway-station restaurant. At a table near us sat a shrewd-looking elderly nun, with a square masculine face, accompanied by a sister, who, I imagine, looked up to her with awe, if not with fear. I could not help thinking, as I saw her reading what I supposed was a letter, that she and such as she are a great factor in the world that will not be altogether downed by the most powerful of governments.

A visit to Leonardo’s “Last Supper” and an interesting walk through the ca-

thedral with a very intelligent and agreeable official guide, consumed most of the afternoon.

We were bound for Pallanza, where we intended to pass the night, our train leaving about five o'clock. To my surprise, it was something of an excursion train, with more or less of a struggle taking place to obtain even a foothold, and with our cumbrous hand baggage we were only able to get standing-room. My son and I have had several instances where the use of short sentences or words has furnished us with an enduring source of enjoyment. At the Buffalo Exposition, on Ohio Day, we were present in that ill-fated building where, from the very platform on which our much beloved President was shot, Mark Hanna delivered the address of the day. As we rose to separate, we were entertained by hearing the Ohio men, many in shirt sleeves, as the day was exceedingly warm, congratulat-

ing each other with the expression “Mark did well!”

Their own satisfaction in alluding to him by his first name was evident, and we have on semi-appropriate occasions often repeated to each other, “Mark did well!” The afternoon that I am about to describe added another expression—“Partenza”—to our repertoire. Half way to Pallanza we were compelled to change carriages, and not being aware of it until most of the passengers had stowed themselves away, we found ourselves on the platform with little prospect of a seat, or even standing-room. The porter who carried our baggage assured us that more carriages would be put on, as we were not alone in our dilemma. A seedy-looking individual in a red cap, a sous-chef, soon was seen peering in the carriage windows in order to see if every place were taken. We declined to separate, feeling sure that the extra carriages were to be

put on. The chef de la gare then came on the scene, an equally seedy-looking personage of more mature years. I made the blunder of asking him if he spoke French, which disposed him still less favourably toward us. He pointed out single seats in different railway carriages, which would have separated us, and at the same time would have given us little or no space, as far as we could see, to stow away our belongings. He did not wait long after we declined his invitation to mount. Grasping the open carriage door in a resolute manner, a sardonic smile on his face (he had evidently often played the trick), he gave it a bang, screaming at the top of his voice, "Partenza!" The effect was electrical. We piled in, bag and baggage, paying no attention to the protests of the occupants, who received us more than coldly. I tried to thaw out the gentleman next to me by asking him to point out on the map in

Baedeker just where we were to leave the train for the boat. One by one the passengers left us until our arrival at Luino, on Lake Maggiore, where we made a close connection with the steamboat. Looking over the rail of the steamer, we could see the bottom of the lake through the clear, deep, blue water, and as the paddles turned, white foam mingled with turquoise colours followed in our wake. There is a sense of repose, after the over-crowded train, that is delightful. In the distance the shore is fringed with the white hotels of Intra, Baveno, and Stresa, while on the mountain side are villages, clustering around the church and its tower, isolated peasants' houses, and now and then a monastic building, all glowing in the declining sunlight.

I never visit the Italian lakes without thinking of our drop curtains in the days of my youth at the Philadelphia Academy of Music and the Walnut Street Theatre;

until I saw Lake Como I thought they were purely fancy sketches.

On our arrival at the empty hotel at Pallanza we lost no time in making arrangements for a bath in the lake. I was familiar with the details, having gone through the same experience some years before: a little bathhouse, with steps that lead down to the water, clear as crystal, with a somewhat slimy bottom, and, what is still worse, when you get out into the lake, a number of slimy rocks. On coming out, my son found his foot bleeding. I hurried up to the hotel, and brought down some court-plaster, and did my best to close the cut. Talking the matter over at the dinner-table, we decided to send for a doctor, both of us knowing what a serious thing for mountain-climbing, tennis, and general sight-seeing this little cut might become. A gray-haired little man, dressed in black, and carrying a cane, soon came upon the scene, and relieved

our minds by telling us that in two or three days it would be well. He seemed to have all the latest appliances in the way of antiseptic cotton, etc., and as he bandaged the wound we had much entertaining conversation regarding the past and future of Italy. He had been one of the Carbonari; had fought under Garibaldi, and was full of fervour for his country. When I asked him his fee, he said, "What you please." I think he passed out of the hotel well pleased with the gold he had received from us, which was as well spent as any money we parted with during our travels.

Sunday, July 27th.

Seated in a comfortable landau, with a good pair of horses, we are off for Gravellona, a very pleasant two hours' drive. From there we took the train for Domo d'Ossola, having telegraphed from the hotel at Pallanza to have a carriage meet

us. We found a pretty seedy pair of horses, and saw that we must reconcile ourselves to cross the Simplon Pass in what golfers would call "Class B." The tunnel work is being actively prosecuted, and for the first four or five hours we might have been on the line of construction of a new railroad in the Rocky Mountains, with the teams moving to and fro, and the wooden shanties newly erected for the workingmen, who were, of course, very much of the same order as we employ at home, it could hardly be said to be seeing Switzerland at its best. We finally left the tunnel and came into wild mountain passes as evening came on, lonely, and at times sublime; we dined at the hotel in the village of Simplon, an old-fashioned hostelry where I had some conversation with two English maiden ladies in the dining-room. They were of a "certain age," handsomely attired in frocks of blue silk, and were

evidently much pleased to find themselves in such a remote part of Switzerland. Seeking to do my part in fairly dividing the conversation among the three of us, looking from one to the other, I realised their tender regard for each other. As is usual in such cases, one of them seemed to be the leading mind, without, however, diminishing the attractions of her friend. I pleased myself with the thought that our conversation was to them the episode of the evening.

They might have been the “two ladies of Llangollen,” full of kindness and at peace with all the world.

It was growing dark as we pushed on to the summit, some two hours off, passing the gloomy hospice where I lunched badly on a bicycle tour some years ago. Having taken on another horse at the village of Simplon, we made great time down the mountain side, through the wide tunnels built to avoid avalanches, around

sharp curves, every now and then a flash of lightning illuminating momentarily the wild scene around us.

To cross the Simplon had been a desire of mine for many years. It was doubly associated in my mind with Napoleon: In my childhood days I possessed a plaster of Paris plaque of Napoleon on horseback, a high wind blowing his cloak into graceful folds, his horse rearing, and the “Little Corporal,” in his three-cornered cocked hat, his face turned toward you, seated as calmly as in a rocking-chair. It was one of my treasures. I think I tried to galvanise it with copper. It was called “Napoleon Crossing the Alps.” It gave me a great desire to cross the Simplon, not, however, in the same manner.

Noting in my Baedeker that Berisal, three hours from Brieg, was starred, I determined to pass the night there, having engaged a landau for the journey. It was not far from the dinner hour when

I arrived, and I soon found myself seated at the table d'hôte, an English clergyman on my right, a flowing conversationalist, and a spinster of the same nationality on my left, a liberal supply of their countrywomen of various ages scattered along the table, with here and there a man. The scene is not difficult to imagine: the women for the most part plainly dressed, angular in figure, with countenances expressive of pleasurable contentment, revealing conspicuous dental endowments as they smiled at trifles—types well known to the Continental tourist.

A sweet young girl, of about seventeen, standing behind us, seemed anxious to be of service as she passed from one to the other, asking if we had all we wanted. Her graceful ways were in strong contrast to those of the English guests, and as she approached me I enjoyed the feeling that one of my own kind was about to smile on me. “Can I do anything for you?”

she said. “ Will you order me a bottle of wine? ” I answered. “ What wine would you like? ” “ Oh, any kind that you please. ” I was thinking, for the moment, more of her than of the wine. “ I cannot do that. You must make your own choice, ” she said gaily, as she turned and directed a waitress to hand me a wine-card.

After dinner I walked out to enjoy the view in its solemn beauty between sunset and dark.

I found myself beside a delicate and refined young woman, attired for travel; the sympathetic sweetness of her countenance encouraged me to speak. She was awaiting the diligence, being on her way to Zermatt to attend the funeral of Monsieur Siler. We were at once in earnest conversation; she told me how much Siler had done for that part of the world, indeed for all southern Switzerland, building the railroad to Zermatt, devoting his

life to the development of the country, and how poorly the peasants had repaid him, doing all in their power to thwart his good works, and annoying him in petty ways. "They could not live without us," she said, "and yet they treat us as if we were their enemies."

Her voice was low and musical, and the slight accent (we spoke in English) was most agreeable to hear. I think it could not have been much more than ten minutes that we talked together, when the diligence arrived. As I watched her departure, receiving a gracious bow from her as she took her seat, which I returned with the hope that mine might show how highly I appreciated having made her acquaintance, I knew not that we were making our adieux forever in this world. Once again, two years later, I saw her in the distance, as she sat sunning herself, in a high hooded wicker chair, in the private garden; when she saw I was notice-

ing her, she turned her chair, and hid herself from me. She knew she could not live much longer, her thoughts were turned heavenward, she did not wish them disturbed by a worldling. During our lives we had been but a quarter of an hour in each other's society. I have never forgotten her. She was Aline's elder sister.

Returning through the hallway, I saw Aline writing at a table in the dining-room, a very old man sitting beside her, his hands clasping a small jug filled with hot water, in order that he might warm them. Something told me that in joining them I would not be a discordant note. I was pleased to find myself at once in harmony. We teased Aline when she would make a little blot, whispering to each other, "How neatly she writes!" or seeing her grasp the penholder with energy, pressing her delicate forefinger out of shape, we would add, "How grace-

fully she uses her hands!" until all three were laughing together, the old man and myself delighted to think that we could please so attractive a young girl. The old gentleman must have been in the eighties. He wore a little silk cap, and was the old-fashioned Frenchman, not the beau; the shrewd man of the world, with a kindly feeling toward all around him. Aline told me he had been coming to Berisal for years, and that when any of them had occasion to go to Paris, they stayed with him in his apartment; that his family were all dead, and that he lived quite alone.

After a little, he bade us good night, and took his way wearily to his room, carefully holding the little jug as he faded away.

We had been alone but a few moments when Aline changed the conversation from French to English, saying, "I like your language. Do you know, my favourite book is the 'Ingoldsby Legends'; I

have two copies—a large one and a small one. I usually carry the small one in my pocket. May I go to my room and get it?" "I wish you would," I answered.

Shall I ever forget that evening in the cool, quiet atmosphere of the Alps! It was the meeting of May and October, each in our own way delighted with the charm of flirtation. I recall how my arm half encircled her, barely touching, perhaps grazing at times, her dainty waist and shoulders, her wavy brown hair almost meeting my whitening locks, as we pored over her favourite volume, reading aloud by turns; and how a tall, ungainly English girl came upon us, in pretence of seeking a glass from the sideboard, in reality an emissary sent down from above by a gossipy party of her countrywomen to report what was going on; and how my little friend did not move an inch, whispering to me in a half-audible tone, "How I hate them, those horrid English girls!"; and

how, as it neared eleven, the hall porter, anxious to break up our sweet hours, began clanking his heavy boots as he walked up and down the hall, making me uneasy; and how she did not want me to go, and how angry she made believe to be when I said it was really time, and how she looked me with flashing eyes half defiantly in the face with an expression that said, “Can’t you let me judge of when we should part?” (she was only seventeen); and how the next morning she came down arrayed in a nicely fitting, finely striped gray and white silk, a light blue sash around her waist, and a ribbon to match, looking so sweet and pretty; and how, as we began our adieux, in a sad way she said, “Oh, I know how it will be. When you come to know my sister you will leave me for her. It is always so. Everybody likes her more than they do me,” and nothing that I could say seemed to comfort her. Her image has often come to my mind,

at times almost as vividly as when, after leaving her, I wended my way alone over the Simplon.

Aline (what an attractive name!) was an accomplished linguist, speaking German, French, Italian and English, all with great purity. Her uncle, her mother's brother, was Father-General of the Jesuits, that wonderful organisation where aristocracy and democracy combine ingeniously to strengthen each other, where prince and commoner, seeking to master self, rival each other in humble obedience, only to rise in the strength of intellectual vigour, exalting the mystery within us without thought of future reward, leaving that to the "Infinite," obedient to rules framed long years ago with subtle knowledge of what man is and what he may be, never resting, never satisfied, eluding the grasp of kings and emperors whose very thrones have tottered at the secret edicts of the order. What may it mean to be

Father-General of the Jesuits? Who will answer that question?

Aline came honestly by her powers of fascination; it needed but a few drops of the blood that flowed in her uncle's veins to make her a power in her own little world and gently to lead whom she chose into pleasing paths. She amused me by telling me how their English guests had once asked to hold their Sunday services in the little chapel that adjoined their house. "Did you ever hear anything equal to it?" she said. "Those heretics, to dare to ask the use of our dear little chapel! They got a very short answer from my mother."

Since those days she has been happily married, and we have interchanged several letters. I was much disappointed to find that she was still in England with her husband, and was not expected for some weeks, and that her health was poor. At her mother's urgent solicitation I wrote her then and there, telling her if she were

my child I would bring her back to the mountain air, which would do her more good than the best doctors of London. I was very much pleased lately to receive a letter from her, telling me how much better she was, and how disappointed at not being at Berisal while I was there.

To soothe my disappointment, the next morning we departed early, arriving at Visp in time for lunch before taking the train for Zermatt. I was much pleased at my son's economical views: having some sandwiches with us, he determined to save the expense of a poor lunch, and be satisfied with them, leaving me to sample the watery soup and tasteless chicken. I think his hunger was quite as satisfactorily appeased as mine.

That evening found us comfortably installed at the Hotel Mont Cervin at Zermatt. It was the height of the season. The little narrow street was crowded with all nationalities—Germans predominat-

ing. A row of hardy-looking guides, seated against an iron railing or mingling with the crowd, added to the picturesque effect. After a table d'hôte dinner, a game of billiards and a glass of good beer, we retired, looking forward to a trip to the Gorner Grat by the early morning train.

July 29th.

A cloudless day. That magnificent scene: the Matterhorn on the right, the Breithorn, Lyskamm group, and, last, the finest of the snow mountains, Monte Rosa, were all spread before us, their outlines sharply marked against the deep blue sky.

As we got out of the train, two guides appeared, the larger one asking in pretty good English if we wanted a guide. On our accepting his proposition, he handed over to us the smaller one, Alois. Alois knew probably twenty—perhaps I exag-

gerate—of the most important English words, to cover the immediate needs of his companions. We decided to walk to the Monte Rosa *hütte*, which took us across the great glacier. We were pleased to make a few leaps across narrow crevasses with our newly purchased alpenstocks, the gurgling water playing beneath us around the bright green ice; I was even accused of being agile beyond my years.

We arrived at the *hütte* about noon, finding there a couple who had preceded us, accompanied by their little child. The wife bore the marks of a Jewess, and I am not quite sure that the husband was not also descended from that ancient race. We soon fell into conversation, and I was led to describe matzoon, my favourite form of midday nourishment. When about half way through my story, the man to whom I was addressing myself lost interest and began to talk to the guides. His wife, who had more consideration for my feel-

ings, took up the listener's thread, and enabled me to go on, but, needless to say, I shortened the story. My son was enjoying himself at my expense, a not unpleasant sensation to me, as it evinced that sympathetic knowledge of my feelings which has so much to do with the pleasurable companionship of travel. When I met this gentleman the following day at Zermatt, where he accompanied his little daughter, I was less inclined to encourage his advances than I would have been if he had treated me with more consideration.

They had a very cheeky, airy guide, who, the lady informed me, told her that whenever any people wanted to ascend Monte Rosa, however sure he was that they were not strong enough to accomplish it, he never declined, as he got his pay under any circumstances. He put on more airs than any Swiss guide I had ever seen, smoking cigarettes as he told his experi-

ences. He made the sensible remark of absinthe, "Ça coupe les jambes."

Returning from the *hütte* to the Riffle Berg hotel, where we arrived about four in the afternoon, we were preceded by the man, his wife and little girl, and were somewhat surprised to see the man walk rapidly away from his wife and child and guide, along the precipitous path, which, although without danger, is a very unpleasant place to those whose heads are not steady. He told us at the Riffle Berg hotel that he could not stand having his family near him, with the precipice below. I understood his nervous feeling, although I did not think it necessary to tell him so, as it seemed to me weak-minded in him to leave his wife and daughter.

We decided to walk down from the Riffle Berg to Zermatt, where we arrived between six and seven, my muscles very sore from the continual descent. The evening was passed enjoying billiards, beer and music.

Jimmy was so fresh, and so much delighted with his first Alpine experience, that he arranged with Alois to ascend the Breithorn. The afternoon of the following day they set out for the *hütte*. As I was not in their company, I can only report that on my son's return I was quite satisfied that the journey would have been too much for me. If the weather had not broken, I think Jimmy would have been climbing the mountains up to the last day we had to spare at Zermatt.

July 31st.

I took the early train for the Gorner Grat, hoping with the use of telescopes to get a glimpse of Jimmy and his guide on the Breithorn. The weather was still fine, but the wind had changed, and clouds were appearing around the Matterhorn.

The Gorner Grat hotel is a rude, cheap building with something of an esplanade in front, on which there are good tele-

scopes. You put ten pfennigs in the slot, and for the space of about two minutes get a fine view, when the disk closes over and you are left in darkness until you deposit another coin. I had a splendid view of a party on the Breithorn, which included a lady, deceiving myself with the illusion, as I learned later in the afternoon from my son, that I was looking at him and his friends. It was a beautiful sight on that smooth, white snow-bank to watch them moving about, sometimes one or more sitting down. I saw also some five or six on the Matterhorn; high up on the peak, they looked a little like flies clinging to a perpendicular side. There was also a party on the Lyskamm, the members of which were evidently contending with more or less wind, as they plodded through the snow, every now and then taking a rest. On Monte Rosa there was a party going up, and a party coming down. Their relative progress was very

striking. Altogether it was a most charming morning.

I met Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Cutting, who had come up on a later train, and, like myself, were delighted with the scene.

On my return by the cog railroad, a French couple sat near me, the lady announcing, in plain hearing of many of us, that she was suffering from the cold, that her underclothing was too light for the altitude. Her companion, more particularly after this remark, seemed socially uncomfortable, if not unhappy. Was it a "mariage de convenance"! The bride, if such she was, was young and good-looking, and I could not but admire her self-reliance and courage under the adverse criticism that seemed to surround her.

I had not been long in my room at the Mont Cervin before Jimmy appeared. It needed but one look to see that he had been through quite an experience. The

guide had given him a stimulant he carried with him, which, with perhaps the rarefied air, had given him a headache. He was, however, full of enthusiasm over the pleasures of mountain-climbing, and of all his experiences in Europe, this, I am sure, stands out as the most interesting, and one that he hopes to repeat.

That evening the weather changed. The mountains were more or less hidden by clouds, and we decided to leave the next morning, which we did in a storm of rain. One of my last acts was to go into the beer-hall to present ten francs to a tall Brunhilda, who had one of the most remarkable heads of Titian hair that I have ever seen. I had asked her playfully the evening before if she would answer me a question if I gave her five francs. She smiled and said: "That would depend on what it was." I risked saying to her, "I would like to know how near your hair comes to touching the floor." I thought

afterward that perhaps I had been indiscreet, hence the manner of my adieu. She left the impression on my mind that she had been flattered by the interest I had taken in her, and all my thought of having wounded her feelings was entirely removed by her cordial adieu.

In the train we met Messrs. Bannard and Dixon, and soon formed a substantial travelling alliance. We all determined to stop at Vevey, at the Hotel Monet, where we arrived about five o'clock. Jimmy and I immediately hired a boat, and rowed to the bathing establishment, some half hour by water from the Monet. The effects of the water were delightful. We returned by tram, sending our boat back at the expense of two francs. A quiet dinner at that most excellent of tables, a game of billiards, and a short stroll in the town finished the evening.

We had hoped for letters at Zermatt from Emilie, telling us where we would

find her, as we knew she was probably in Switzerland. The letters never came until after we left; she was at Ville Neuve, only a half-hour away.

I found Vevey had lost none of its charm.

It was during a ten-day trip through Switzerland (my first visit), with a party ably led by our good friend John Sloane, that I received my first impressions of the beauty of Lake Geneva. I was so charmed that a few weeks later I came all the way from England, alone, that I might renew the delight.

Childe Harold is always with me at Vevey. As I watch in the distance the lateen sails of the stone-barges slowly approaching and recall the lines—

“This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction”—

I am soothed and lulled into a happy state that asks for the moment no companion for its perfect enjoyment.

In fine contrast is the description of a thunder-storm.

“ Far along,
From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.”

Again and again, as I have looked across the lake, I have repeated to myself:

“Here the Rhone
Hath spread herself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.”

Our visit was all too short for me. After Zermatt, it must have seemed tame to Jimmy.

Taking the one-o'clock train on August second, direct for Paris, we arrived there at nine o'clock in the evening. Just

before coming to Dijon we were informed that an accident had happened to the dining-car, but that we could get baskets, or rather boxes, containing dinner, at Dijon, and take our meal on the train. I had a lively recollection of certain very good red wine that I had had in that part of the world some twenty years before, so I bought two bottles of light Burgundy at the station. Our only regret was that it had not been three. The genial effect of France's generous wine made the time pass most pleasantly. As we approached Paris a thunder-storm was raging, the dark cloud hanging over the city recalling the pictures of Michel. My enjoyment of the scenes of wood, forest, plain, and sea, as I have travelled through France, has been much enhanced by my studies of the works of French landscape artists. They teach one how to look at nature.

We found every comfort a man can ask awaiting us at the Ritz.

During the ten days previous to our sailing we had many pleasant experiences which kept us in continued delightful sympathy.

We dined at the *Maison Dorée*. As I sat opposite my companionable son, looking forward to the pleasure of a good dinner in good society, I could not but think of how many years ago it was, and what a short time it seemed, since I had sat there with Dillwyn Parrish, long before I had thought of marriage, and how, notwithstanding the many events, sad and joyful, that had checkered my life since those days, how natural it seemed, to be just where I was, and how delightful to think that I could have brought my son to enjoy with me the good things and kind consideration that I have always received in this most excellent of restaurants. Gustave, the active but sometimes over-zealous majordomo of the back room, had left to take charge of a similar establishment at

Marseilles. Louis still presides over the front room.

I should like to recount what seem to me the requirements for a perfect waiter. He should be a gentleman at heart, thinking of others, not of himself; his perceptions should be keen; he should never tell an untruth; he should veil disappointments in attractive language; he should be slender (there are excellent waiters who are stout: I am speaking of perfection); he should not approach too near to you; he should never desire to overhear your conversation (he will learn much more by seeming to keep out of the way, thus encouraging you to speak more freely among yourselves); he should move quietly, surely; his boots should not creak, and his attire should be spotless. All these qualities Louis possesses.

The question may be asked, Why should a man of such superior nature be satisfied with the position of waiter? The answer

is plain. His ambition goes no farther than to excel in the rôle in which he finds himself. The constant intercourse with gentlemen of refinement and culture gives him a certain enjoyment of good society that he could obtain in no other manner. As long as he keeps his health, he is sure of an income. He has neither the courage nor the desire to embark in unknown seas. He has more or less before his mind the failure of those who have deserted good places in the hope of rising in the world. In a word, he is happy. His philosophy is sound, and he is entitled to that consideration that men receive who excel in whatsoever they undertake that is honourable and of benefit to mankind. My friend, Edward Tuck, who knows Paris better than I do, albeit he may deny the soft impeachment, will, I think, bear me out in all I say of Louis.

The Maison Dorée is not without its tragedy. William, eleventh Duke of

Hamilton, died from a fall on the stairway *au premier*. I have heard that, as he approached it to descend, with unsure step, the maître d'hôtel offered him an arm, which, in a lordly way, he declined, and a moment afterward slipped and plunged headlong. There is another story as to how it came about. We will pass that by.

Verdier père passed away many years ago. He it was who brought the cuisine to perfection. I have heard him recount how he could have fish on the table six hours after it had left the sea. His sons have not inherited his qualities. One is in California, another was concerned in an unfortunate dining-club in London, and the third, the responsible man, has sold his lease. The doors through which thousands of the gayest of the gay have passed to and fro for three quarters of a century are now closed forever. The Maison Dorée was a link between the palmy days

of the Empire and the present. When I first knew it, it was famous as the rendezvous of viveurs, the very centre of the pleasures and the dissipations of the table. The boulevard in its immediate vicinity has lost much of its brilliancy by the creation of the gloomy building of the Crédit Lyonnais, almost immediately opposite and close to the Café Anglais, which still holds its own, a most worthy neighbour. Gay Paris is moving on to the Champs Elysées, where Paillard and Laurent attract the beau monde.

One is always sure that Paris will not go backward in the attractions it offers the pleasure-seeker. A city that can rebound so quickly from the horrors of the Reign of Terror and the devastation of the Commune may be safely trusted for the future.

A few words for the Café Anglais: One enters on the level of the boulevard, touches his hat to the two solemn caissi-

ères, and, turning to the left, finds himself at once in the large salon on the ground floor. The quality and size of the table linen, the whiteness of the silver, the soft carpet and dainty tulle curtains impress you with the feeling that you are in exceptional surroundings. The few diners that may have preceded you are quite in accord with the room: an elderly father, with his daughter, whom he would hesitate to take to the *Maison Dorée*, in the simplicity of her costume and the refinement of her countenance recalling to you the beautiful lives of the noble women of France, as we know them through the memoirs of *Port Royal*; a small party of well-bred English people, and perhaps an American, anxious to appear to no disadvantage in comparison with the standards that surround him. You are at once of his mind. From the moment that your coat is gently, one might say affectionately, removed by the *maître d'hôtel*, until you are seated at

your table, you feel the danger of disturbing the harmony of the distinguished company to which you add yourself with the hope that you will not mar the effect.

I have seen Lord Dudley, with his long, wavy hair, and his handsome wife (certainly, in those days, one of the most beautiful women in the world), dining in the room I have described, with evident enjoyment in each other's society, the same afternoon having seen the countess driving a handsome pair in her victoria in the Bois, her lord in a low seat by her side, making one of the choicest of the many brilliant sights that one sees in the Bois on a fine afternoon, both of them, I think, fully aware of the fact.

A word of comparison between Louis of the “Maison d'Or” (the boulevardier loves to clip the gilded word) and the maître d'hôtel of the “Anglais,” whose name escapes me, although his form and kindly look are before me as vividly as

of yesterday. We will call him Baptiste. He, like Louis, is slender, attired as maître in spotless garments, moves quietly and surely, is oblivious to your conversation, and leaves a pleasant impression, whether he approaches to receive your bidding or departs to fulfil it. There is a hectic flush on his cheek. You fear he is *poitrinaire*. His faint, languid smile and soft voice do not dispel the impression. However, as I saw no change in an acquaintance of some fifteen years, the fear must be groundless. I know not his origin, but think he must have English blood in his veins, sufficiently diluted to preserve the sympathetic manner, more or less the gift of the French, in the class that serve our personal wants.

An actor at the “Variétés,” seeking a waiter on which to model himself for the rôle, would choose Louis; an actor of the “Français,” on the same errand, would select Baptiste; Gustave, to whom I have

referred, would suit the “Bouffes Parisiennes.”

Hesitating, as I have often done, whether to dine at the “Maison d’Or” or the “Anglais,” I can truly say, that, having made my choice of the one, I never regretted that it had not been the other. This is perhaps the highest compliment I can pay to both.

Dining “en ville” on one or two occasions, my son was thrown upon his own resources for the evening. After consulting “Baedeker,” he informed me he chose the “Café de la Paix” to dine. I was much pleased, when he suggested later on that we should go there, to find that he had preserved his identity, and was treated with great consideration by the waiter who had formerly looked after him, and who, treating me as my son’s guest, gave me the pleasure of seeing my son play the rôle of host with ease, and order the dinner, with the assistance of the waiter, much

as if it were quite a matter of course. It was the first time I had ever dined *with him*.

I had some talk with Jimmy about four-in-hand lessons as a means of entertaining him during his stay in Paris. He informed me what he wanted were automobile lessons, so having passed Sunday, August third, at the Golf Club, we investigated the automobile question and obtained a most satisfactory instructor and a small Panhard.

THE first few days after our return to Paris were, during the daytime, devoted mostly to automobiling by my son, and to golf by myself.

The "Société de Golf de Paris" has added much to the enjoyment of my visits to the capital. It is situated within about ten minutes' drive from the station, Versailles-Chantier, which is but twenty minutes from Mont Parnasse, by express

train. There are some one hundred acres sloping beautifully from the plateau on which the club-house is situated. The property was formerly a *haras*, known as La Boulie.

The Bois des Célestins and the Bois des Mets lie close to the easterly border; the Bois des Gonards with its grand old oaks lines the western boundary. Beautiful country-places are to be seen, looking southward, while to the north, glimpses of the small houses, with their red-tiled roofs, that are scattered over a large portion of the environs of Paris, peep out from their wooded surroundings. With the exception of the tall chimney of the gas-works, there is nothing to mar the scene in whatever direction you look. A few fine old apple-trees add to the beauty of one of the slopes, far enough apart to make only a reasonable obstruction to the course.

Let us make the round of the links

with a good player. A little over a hundred yards from the first tee is a double wire fence inclosing a narrow lane. Our supposed player drives his ball some thirty or forty yards beyond the fence. (I have heard many a golf-ball rattle against the wire, and exclamations, not meant for polite ears, come almost like an echo from the disappointed driver.) Passing through the gates, we find ourselves on the brow of a hill, the first hole lying some hundred or more yards below us in a sloping hollow. Playing the ball with a midiron or mashie to a spot some thirty or forty feet to the right of the hole, we watch with interest to see where it will stop. The distance is not too great to permit a skilful approach and a short put, thus making the hole in four.

We now walk a short distance to the second tee, from where we drive with an iron on to a plateau above us, which we cannot see, some one hundred and twenty-

five yards away. An ugly bunker to the right makes it important that our drive should be straight, while the forest beyond makes it equally important that we should not overdo it. Clambering the hill, we find the ball on the smooth green. An approach put lands us near the hole, and it is made in three.

The third tee is but a few yards off. From there we drive over a beautiful expanse of fair green toward the hole some three hundred yards and more away. We must beware of the woods on the right, where many a ball lies hidden from the most expert of caddies, in the ferns and shrubs that line the edge of the forest. The second stroke lands us close to the green. The hole is made in four.

We are now at the southern boundary of the course, and, at a short, safe distance, are on the fourth tee, driving back in the direction from which we came. An ugly hill, with more or less gravel exposed,

faces us over one hundred and fifty yards off. We keep to the right of the hill and find a good fair green over which to carry our ball with a long brassy stroke to the hill before us, falling somewhat short, and doing the hole in five.

We now turn to the right again at a safe distance, drive southward, and do the hole in five. We had expected a four.

Walking southward to a tee not very far from the fifth green, we drive almost parallel to the southern boundary of the course, taking care not to slice our ball into a field of grain on our right, and to be sure and cross an ugly bunker, some one hundred yards away from us, landing on the green just beyond the bunker, and doing the hole in three.

We are now on the easterly boundary of the course, where we have a fine five-hundred-yard hole to play, with no obstructions worth noting, beyond the fact that our strokes must not be sliced, or we

shall be out of bounds to the right in the road. We make it in five.

A shorter hole, which brings us back in the direction in which we have been playing, is done in four.

We then drive the ninth hole, and if our game is equal to what we have been doing, we are easily able to cross the fence on our second stroke, landing us on the green, and doing the hole in four, thus making the first nine in thirty-seven.

We now keep northward of the fence for the remaining holes.

Not to fatigue the reader, we will avoid the detail of the remaining nine holes, merely adding that they are interspersed with a few fine apple-trees, and being longer than the first nine, we may safely give our player forty strokes, thus making the eighteen holes in seventy-seven, a figure which I have readily arrived at on paper, but have no hope of equalling or even approaching on the course. I have

heard of players who, with their heads on the pillow, played the course nightly before falling asleep, invariably making good scores.

The companions one meets there in the comparative quiet are a delightful change from the hurlyburly of Paris. The simple and excellent meals that are served us by the obliging Henri complete the comforts and pleasures.

My son was so interested in the running of the automobile that I doubt if he had much time to appreciate the attractions of the many roads that encircle Paris, over which he sped at a high speed.

I accepted his invitation for a trip to Fontainebleau. We left the Ritz about ten in the morning. Our chauffeur, a blond about thirty years of age, had a sharp, keen-cut air about him that inspired confidence (and I know of nothing that I was more in need of as we clattered through the busy and, at times, over-

crowded streets of Paris at a brisk rate, than that very thing—confidence). He gave no attention to my repeated requests to reduce his speed. I suppose he thought, as I was in his power, he did not propose to consider my feelings. I finally told him it was all very well for him to dash ahead at the rate he was going, on the ground that he knew his rights, but if an accident happened, it would do no good to say that it was not his fault, and unless he went a little slower, I wished to get out. Words to this effect finally brought him to terms, and our pace was more to my liking. He made me his friend by placing Jimmy in full control of the machine for most of the time, keeping, I could see, a close watch on all around us, but making my son feel the full responsibility of running the auto for nearly our entire journey.

How straight is the road to a father's heart for those that know to find it!

I was very much interested in the vil-

laces outside the eastern side of Paris. The little imitation châteaux, with their pruned lime-trees, trimmed to imitate those in the great parks and gardens, the careful cultivation, the little plots of ground, and the general picturesque effect that everything French has, were most interesting.

And when finally we had left the great city and all its surroundings behind us, and found ourselves on a long, straight, well-built road, running through magnificent forests and past beautifully tilled farms, sometimes without a living object to be seen on the roadway for miles before us, I became entirely reconciled to a speed of thirty miles an hour, and fully appreciated the exhilaration which this new mode of travel carries with it.

It was a beautiful day, and our stroll through the park at Fontainebleau, where we entertained ourselves by feeding the carp and taking kodak pictures, was de-

lightful. The journey back was equally enjoyable until we came to the narrow streets of the villages, and there my nerves were sorely tried by the manner in which our chauffeur dominated the situation. It was as much as to say: "You had better get out of the way, or I 'll run over you. I 'm sorry you do not like it, but I can't help it."

When we descended, about six in the evening, in front of the Ritz hotel, I had that tired feeling that even forty-five holes of golf would not have brought me, and yet I am not ready to say that I would not like to take the trip over again, whenever it presents. The country of France is so constantly interesting that I feel quite ready to accompany my son, on some future occasion, on excursions of even a more extended character.

Helen arrived from Germany a day or two before our departure, and our little family had less than the usual

struggle with the shopkeepers, dress-makers, etc.

During the two or three days before we departed for Cherbourg, we had a very pleasant dinner at the Vendôme, where I enjoyed making Helen and Jimmy acquainted with my friend Mr. Mink, of Boston.

I had the pleasure of taking my son to the “Théâtre Français” for the first time. We saw “Les Plaideurs,” and I was much pleased to find that he could enjoy it. I remember so well my first efforts to enjoy a French play. The torture of not fully understanding the language was a constant insult to my intelligence.

The “Théâtre National de la Comédie Française” is not only an institution of France, it is an institution of the civilised world. The privilege of the “Faubourg,” like that of the intellectual society of Boston or the good old families of Philadel-

phia, is for the favoured few; time that chooses its friends arbitrarily has affixed its cachet to all three.

The “ Théâtre Français ” is a charming reality of to-day, where the costumes, manners, and literature of both the past and the present are presented with fidelity, purity, and good taste.

The stranger, arriving in Paris, who seeks to know the French, cannot do better than take a thorough course at the “ Français.” He should carefully read the piece before seeing the play, carefully re-read it after having seen it, and then it is to be hoped that he will wish to see it played again. He should never take the libretto with him to the theatre. His surroundings do not permit him to give it the proper study in the entr’actes, and if it is before him when the curtain is up, his eye is distracted from the stage, not to speak of the fact that he is displeasing the artists, who do not like to be followed,

book in hand, by one as near them as his fauteuil should be to permit him to enjoy to the full their individual talent. Some of the actors and actresses he will understand clearly, as each word is beautifully pronounced by them. Others he will find it difficult to follow, even if he knows by heart what they are saying. Little by little, familiarity with their voices will, however, remove the difficulty, and in time he will find himself assuming the attitude of a critic.

I recall the days when the name of Coquelin aîné on the bill settled the question, if I were in doubt, where I should pass the evening. He never came upon the scene without arousing a sensation of pleasure and stimulating your interest in the piece.

The performances of the Grand Opera at Paris leave with me a more lasting impression than similar performances in other cities. It is not in the leading parts that Paris excels. It is in the setting, the

orchestra, the chorus, the ballet, and the scenery, that there is a charm that I do not find elsewhere. Madame Breval, in the Metropolitan Opera House, is not to me the same Madame Breval that I have seen in Paris. That part of the performance that appeals to the senses is so far superior to that which New York offers, that a feeling of delight remains with you after the curtain has fallen, and it is only as you descend the steps, and make one of the great throng that pours down the magnificent staircase out into the Place de l'Opéra, that you are brought back to the realities of life.

We saw Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," Madame Heglon giving a remarkable impersonation of the heroine. As she comes upon the scene, with a coiffure of brilliant flowers that her magnificent presence carries with ease, bearing a cup in her hand, with outstretched arm approaching the blind, dejected *Samson*,

who with bowed head is nurturing vengeance in abject sorrow, “L’âme triste jusqu’à la mort,” she pours forth to him in her splendid contralto voice these taunting words:

Souviens-toi de nos ivresses!
Souviens-toi de mes caresses!
L’amour servait mon projet
Pour assouvir ma vengeance.
Je t’arrachai ton secret;
Je l’avais vendu d’avance.
Tu croyais à cet amour.
C’est lui qui riva ta chaîne;
Dalila venge en ce jour
Son dieu, son peuple et sa haine.

I felt I had never before fully realised the Bible story until I saw Heglon and Rousselière. Salvini may impress us with the grandeur of *Samson’s* suffering; it requires Heglon to explain it.

Paris seems to force from her artists the limit of their powers. The severity of its criticisms, the sweetness of its discriminating praise, stimulate, encourage, and perfect them; and be they French, Belge, Austrian, Italian, Swede, Dane or Amer-

ican, they seek diligently to win the approval of the critics of this art centre of the world.

On the morning of August 13 we were all up bright and early, to take the 8.50 train from St. Lazare Station. A large blue and white placard, "Trein pour New York," marks the entrance to the platform of the train. This announcement certainly presents the two great capitals together in one's mind.

We had an hour or two at Cherbourg before the departure of the tug, which enabled us to see the forlorn little bathing establishment of which the town boasts.

About five in the afternoon the "Kronprinz" rounded the western end of the breakwater, and as our tug came alongside her lofty bulwarks, we had the familiar sight of the Atlantic liner in all its surroundings, passengers, stewards, crew, and sometimes cooks, looking over the rail to see their incoming freight, the rushing

up and down the gang-planks, the crew bearing all kinds of baggage, from canary birds in cages to massive trunks, which latter have always seemed to me to be an imposition, and I can imagine a new “Inferno” compelling the millionaires to pass more or less of eternity shouldering huge Vuitton trunks, which they are forced to carry to a great height, only to plunge them down where the Fates would compel them, to return and continue their useless labour. I think the law might well be evoked to limit the size and weight of travellers’ trunks.

One of the principal events of our journey across the Atlantic was a sad hour or two, when Jimmy and I retired to our state-rooms to consider whether we would confess we were seasick or not. We looked into each other’s downcast faces and exchanged a sickly smile. I think I said something about the pleasures of our Southampton home. Fortunately for us,

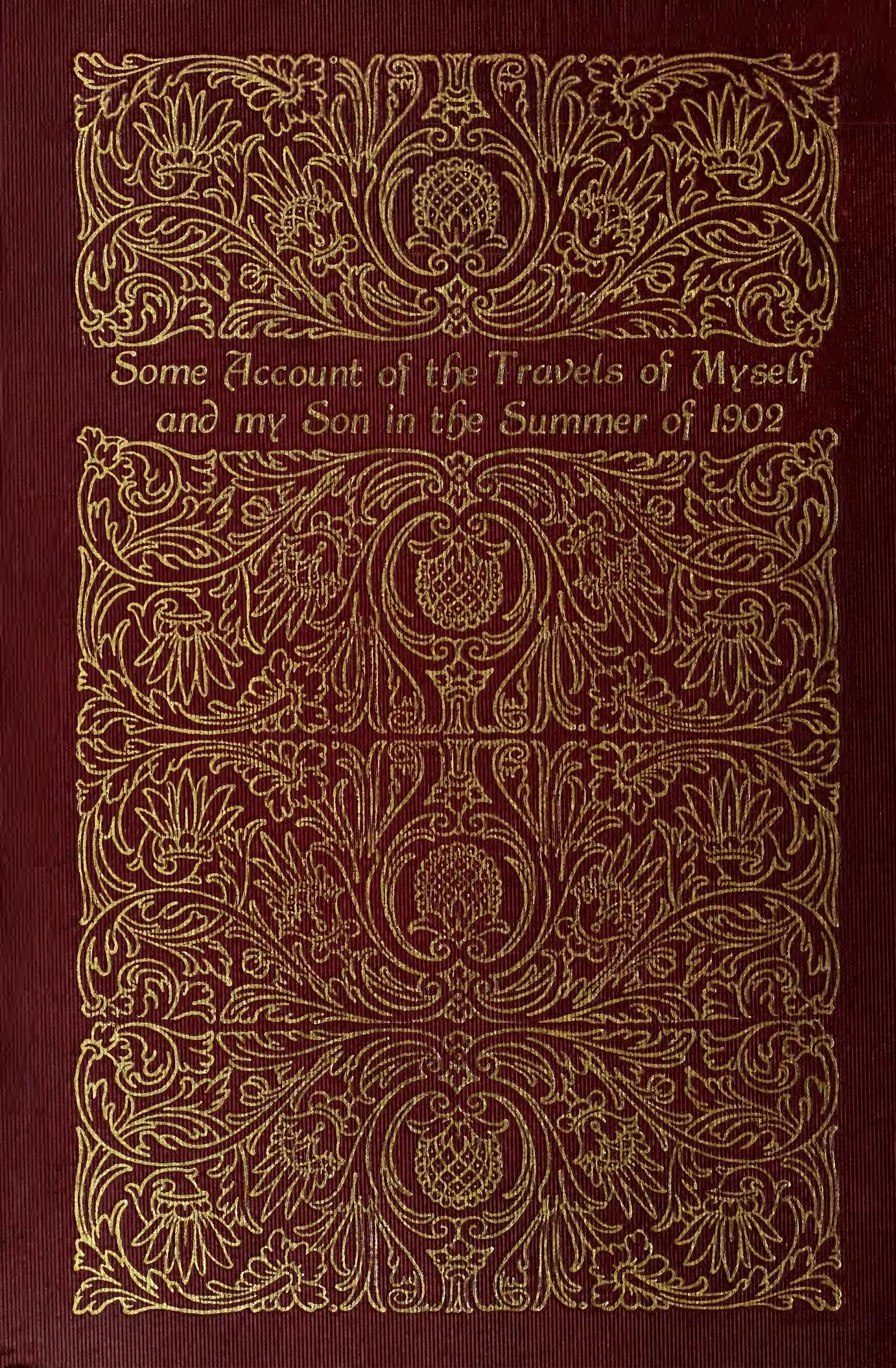
the heavy sea began to abate, and we managed to put in an appearance at the dinner-table. We were all glad, however, to think how rapidly 550 miles a day brings one across the Atlantic.

Helen kept her berth most of the time, and was wonderfully cheerful in what almost might be called her little cell.

We came up the harbour early on the morning of the nineteenth, passed the custom-house with a reasonable payment of duties, and were in all the delights of our Southampton house by six o'clock that evening.

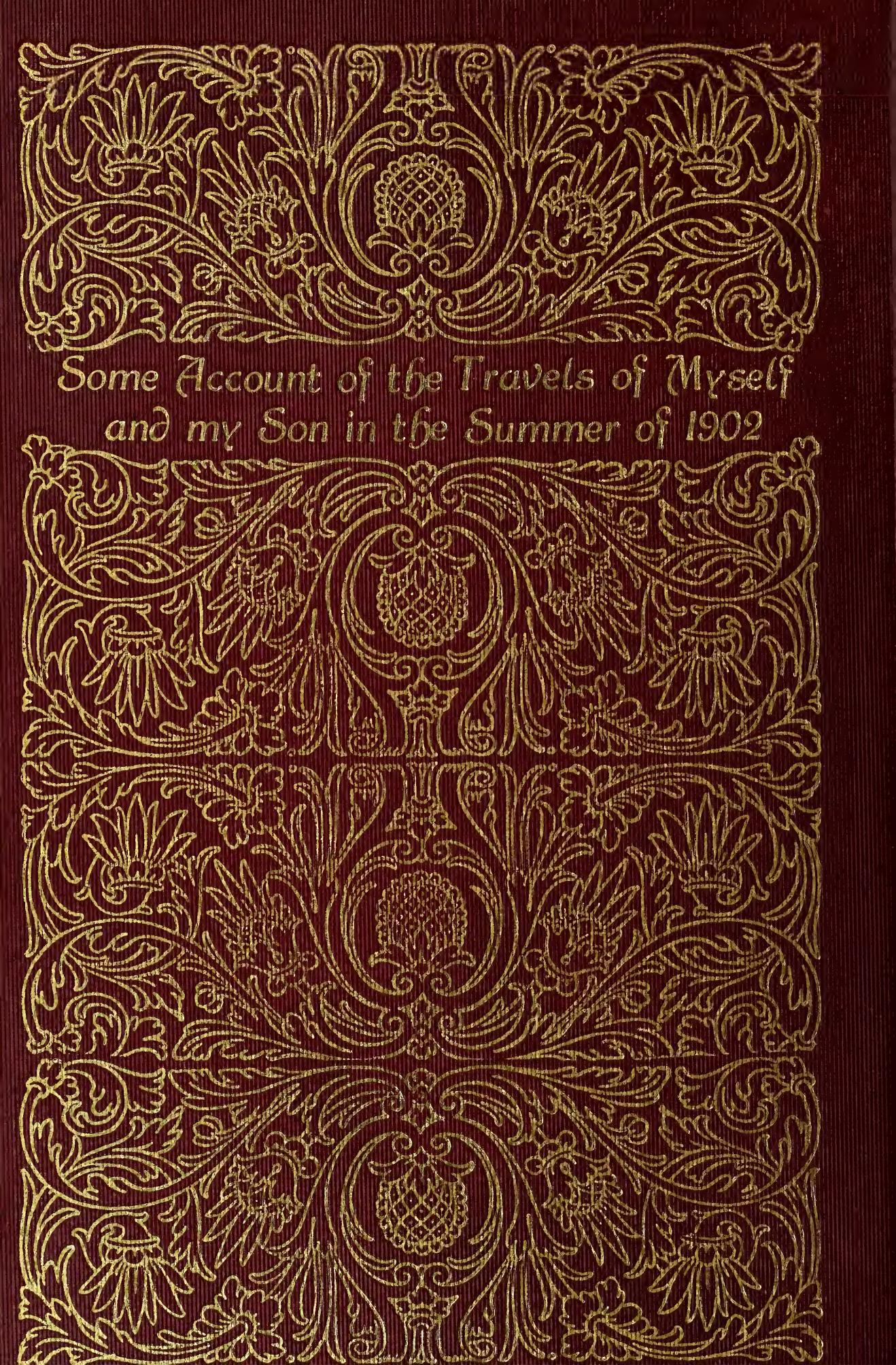
Thus ended a most delightful trip to Europe. Let us hope that there are many more yet in store.





Some Account of the Travels of Myself
and my Son in the Summer of 1902





Some Account of the Travels of Myself
and my Son in the Summer of 1902